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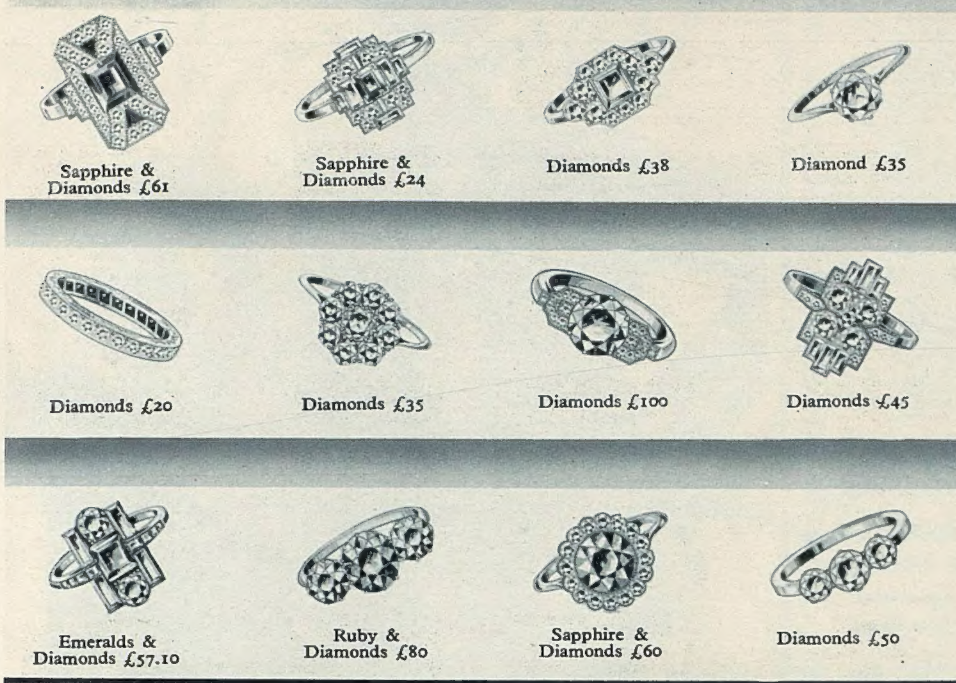

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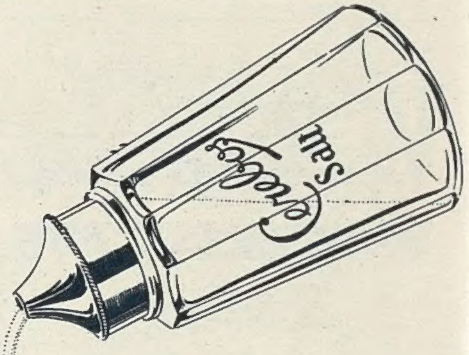

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The Sketch

No. 2160.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

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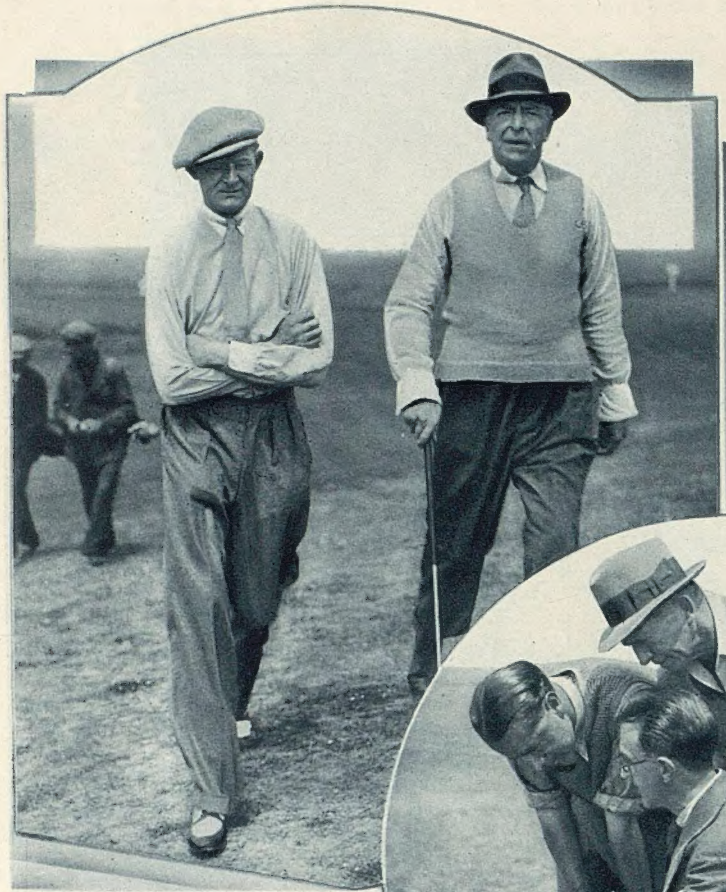
A CERAMIC OF CRAWFORD.

This Chelsea pottery portrait-statuette of MISS JOAN CRAWFORD, by Gwendolen Parnell, depicts her as a page of the Romantic Era (1400-1450). Miss Parnell says: "The coat of arms I have given the page—a crow (Scotch) crossing a ford, with a star of first magnitude in splendour above—I fear the College of Heralds would not pass!"

THE BATH CLUB GOLFERS MOBILISED AT SANDWICH:



The EARL OF WESTMORLAND competed in the Bath Club Golf Handicap at Prince's Club, Sandwich. He is going out to play MR. F. J. ESCOMBE, who defeated him.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR BASIL BROOKE is driving off, watched by his opponent, CAPTAIN J. GILROY, and the EARL OF WESTMORLAND (right; background). Mr. R. Cunningham won the tournament.

(Left) MR. BOYCE (in chair) is in conclave with MR. LIONEL FRAZER (left) and REAR-ADMIRAL SIR BASIL BROOKE (right). They are going over the draw-sheet, after the first morning's play.

MR. MILLN, MRS. MILLN, and MRS. JOHN PHILIPSON (l. to r.) are posed near the first tee, watching proceedings.

SIR J. WILSON TAYLOR, the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Pilgrims Association, is the Secretary of the Bath Club. He is one of the new Knights in the Birthday Honours List. He is discussing the draw with MR. FRANK ROMER (right), organiser of the sweep on the golf tournament. The sweep is an important feature of all club tournaments, and adds considerable interest to them.

TOURNAMENT PLAYERS, SPECTATORS, AND ORGANISERS.

(Right) MR. W. E. RICHARDSON, MRS. BOND, MR. BOND, and MR. B. R. HANNAN are here seen leaving the first tee. Mrs. Bond's jaunty bêret is worn at just the right angle.

MR. and MRS. PETER J. CLIVE both followed the "no-hat" convention on the golf-course.

LORD AIREDALE is driving off the first tee in his match against SIR W. F. C. GOWERS (who is standing behind him). The large clock in the background was presented to the Club by the members of the Bath Club, and is a most useful addition to the landscape. It is so large that golfers can see the time when a long way from the 19th hole.

LADY WORTHINGTON EVANS (left), wife of Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, Bt., came to watch the play. She is in the club-house garden, with MRS. MONTAGUE.

(Left) MRS. KENNETH A. WAGG came to see MR. KENNETH WAGG play. She was Miss Katherine Horlick.

MRS. NETTLEFOLD is here seen with CAPTAIN J. R. TYLDEN.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

UNIFORM.

It gives one a shock to realise that it is fifteen years since one last wore uniform: at least, that has been my own experience, for since 1919 I have not had the privilege of belonging to any organisation—not even the Salvation Army or the British Fascisti—which has enabled me to wear a uniform. I admire the variety and ingenuity of modern political shirtings; I think the Nazis look particularly smart and neat, and when I see pictures of them, I say to myself: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"—a sentiment which is even truer than it seems, for I understand that Solomon would *not* be eligible for the Party Uniform. In spite of my admiration for political colour-schemes, I continue to wear undistinguished and undistinguishing "civvies," and the last time I ran across my uniform, or what once went by that name, was, for me, a sad occasion. I came upon it among some old, sentimental oddments. These garments, thought I, ought not to be surrendered entirely to the moths; considering the state of things in Europe, they may come in handy at any moment. I had better try them on, said I to myself, said I. . . . I started with the tunic, and I hate to record the result. *It would not go half-way round.* It is awful to think that a thing like that can happen ere fifteen moons have waxed and waned.

When I first put this uniform on,
I said, as I looked in the glass,
It 's one to a million that any civilian
My figure and form can surpass.

Ah me! that was not my impression when I *last* put this uniform on.

I was attached to my old uniform. (Forgive this strain of "My Old Shako," with sob in voice.) It saved a lot of trouble, and on the whole it was very comfortable. It had the great advantage of possessing numerous and capacious pockets. It had a certain dignity of its own, even in the eyes of tailors: I remember one tailor describing a simple tunic as a "Superkhaki Whipcord Service Frock." The price was proportionate to the title. When attempting to choose patterns for gents' spring suitings, and especially when finding that my very tasteful choices are sometimes criticised by those who are nearest and dearest to me, I often think of the advantages of uniform. That is why I cannot help regretting that recently legislators in different countries have taken such a severe line about uniforms.

The question has been before the Mother of Parliaments. Abroad, there has been a marked tendency to stand no nonsense about political attire: the theory is that almost any colour you may adopt in order to lend lustre to your political convictions will seem red in the eyes of some bull or other. One trembles to think what would happen if they had Boat Races on the Continent: there would be appalling carnage among the Dark Blues and Light Blues. In Denmark, they forbade the wearing of uniforms, and the surprising result was a boom in the tailoring trade. People maintained that, so long as they covered up their uniforms in public, they were not breaking the law; so they all got new overcoats, and only displayed their political regalia indoors. Then they were prosecuted even for doing that, and now (says a reliable newspaper) "political uniforms can be worn safely in Denmark only in the privacy of a bed-room with the blinds down"—and there really is not much attraction in a uniform, not even the most gorgeous, in those circumstances. Not even the Boy Scouts escape the ban, their Day's Good Deed being considered no compensation for the threat which they obviously make to the peace of Europe. Personally, I think that this is a mean revenge taken upon poor little helpless children by those who have suffered from drum-and-fife bands. Apparently, in Denmark, Salvation Army bands do not rouse the same vindictive passions, and nobody has thought of prosecuting them for their martial characteristics.

MISS IRENE WARD, M.P. for Wallsend, carried out the full launching ceremony used for larger vessels when launching the boat she has presented to local unemployed to enable them to fish for salmon to distribute among the poor in the locality of the Tyne. The boat is to replace one that was mysteriously damaged beyond repair some time ago. Miss Ward is about to sever the rope holding the boat.

Sweden, Norway, and Holland have taken the same line: in Holland, for example, you can be fined or imprisoned for wearing a "political shirt," and it is left to the Court to decide what constitutes a "political shirt" within the meaning of the Act. This must be a somewhat delicate matter. Legislation against certain kinds of shirts deserves every support: there are, for example, persons who deliberately wear bright pink shirts, and everybody would agree that they ought to be fined or imprisoned or even executed; but, for myself, I think it is better to leave politics out of the question, and simply to prosecute offenders for wearing shirts (or other garments) which are unfit for human consumption.

I believe it has now been laid down in our law, after some controversy, that you can be punished for doing anything which, in the opinion of a jury, amounts to a "public mischief." I should be far from decrying legislation aimed at clothes (such as one sees every day) which amount to a public—or, for the matter of that, a private—mischief. But I hope uniforms will not be suppressed altogether.

We all like dressing up, and when we have ceased doing so in the nursery, we continue the amusing pastime at the university, in amateur theatricals, at fancy-dress balls, at the Lodge, at the Bar or on the Bench, at weddings and funerals, and, if we move in high circles, on Court occasions—in short, in innumerable different circumstances, grave and gay. Uniform is only another way of dressing up, and if people like to indulge their childish fancy in that manner, it seems a little hard to send them to gaol for it. But, of course, if the wearing of the green or the brown or the black is intended as a challenge to a free fight, then I suppose the police must do something. By the way, what about *their* uniform? And what about those Maidens in Uniform? Have they been prosecuted yet?

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS—
A TYPE OF AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS, the wife of Viscount Furness, is one of the handsomest women in society. She is Australian by birth, as she is the daughter of Mr. Charles Lindeman, of Sydney, New South Wales. She was Mrs. Frederick William Hart Cavendish, and married Lord Furness in 1933.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Bucktail Hair Salmon-Flies.

While talking about salmon-fishing recently with Mr. A. E. Wilson Browne, of Birmingham, he told me that Mr. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company, Colonel L. S. Thompson, and other anglers who fish the famous Restigouche River in Canada, have had remarkable sport with Bucktail Hair Flies. He promised to send me a couple of these flies and a description of them and the way they are used by Colonel Thompson, who was mainly responsible for their introduction.

The reproduction on this page of one of the flies shows that Mr. Browne kept his promise, and the article by Colonel Thompson explains that the inventor of the hair flies, as far as he knows, was Mr. A. S. Trude, District Attorney of Chicago at that time—over forty years ago. They were tied originally as trout-flies, and it was not until twenty years ago that Colonel Thompson first tried them on the Restigouche. They were a great success, as conditions happened to be particularly favourable—low, warm water. Since then they have not done so well, until five years ago, when by chance Colonel Thompson found it was the method of fishing the fly and not the fly itself that was at fault. By throwing the fly so that it alights on the water at the end of a slack line, and avoiding any pull on the fly, fish were risen and hooked on water that had been fished over unsuccessfully by ordinary wet-fly methods. Colonel Thompson prefers a greased line, because of the easier pick-up. The Bucktail Hair Flies are made in various patterns by Owen Hevey, of Cahir, Co. Tipperary.

A SALMON-FLY MADE OF HAIR is described by Mr. R. L. Marston in the article on this page.

Using these flies, Mr. Teagle had the highest score on the Restigouche River in 1932. I think the Baden-Powell prismatic flies, made of fine strips of coloured celluloid, might prove quite as effective as the hair flies. Their harshness out of water soon disappears when the celluloid softens in the water.

Fish in Queer Places. Several times water-mains have been blocked by the entry of fish. I can remember instances of both trout and eels being found in this way, and quite recently a large trout was taken from a water-pipe leading from a reservoir in Wales. The discovery of a number of fish in a water-tank on top of a building some time ago gave rise to a lot of speculation as to how they got there, but I have read a report in a gas journal of an even more curious instance of fish found in queer places. A water-cooled condenser, used by the Bedford District Gas Company, was being cleaned out, when the engineer and manager of the company, Mr. J. B. Hansford, discovered twelve live fish about five inches in length in the tank. The water for the condenser is taken from the river through a small orifice, so the fish must have been drawn in either as fry or ova. In total darkness, with the water at a temperature of 60 deg. F. and over 16 feet in depth, it is amazing how these fish managed to exist. They must have had a dull time.

After fishing for salmon for forty years, MR. MICHAEL JOHN LYDON, a famous professional angler, caught his first forty-pound fish! This monster was killed after seven minutes' play at the Salmon Weir, Galway. Its length was 3 ft. 4 in., and its girth 2 ft. 2 in.

A Monster Salmon. Sixty-pound salmon are uncommon enough to be interesting, even when not caught on rod and line. Mr. Graham, catering manager of Messrs. Fenwick, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, sent me some scales from a 61½-lb. salmon caught in the North Sea and landed at North Shields. He states that they used the fish in their restaurant and found the quality good. My friend Mr. Hutton has examined the scales and finds that the salmon was a six-year-old very large spring fish which had not spawned before. I have asked Mr. Graham if he can find out how this fish was caught. Mr. Hutton thinks it was probably taken in a drift-net off the Northumberland coast.

It is against the law for trawlers to take salmon within the three miles limit, and when occasional fish are caught they are thrown back at once—for confirmation of this incredible statement apply to the trawler's cook.

Angler Lands Two Huge Trout. "This is to certify that the undersigned were present when the 18½-lb. brown trout was caught by Mr. T. R. Garton in Lough Corrib, and was weighed and measured by us. Weight 18½ lb., Girth 19¼ in., Length 33 in. A. Alan Bottomley, Warrington, Solicitor; Martin Lee, Oughterard, Boatman; June 4, 1934." So reads the affidavit sent to me by Mr. A. D'Arcy, of the Lough Corrib Hotel, Oughterard, Co. Galway, and he has promised to send me a photograph of the fish. I have to thank my friend Colonel G. M. Maunsell, who was President of the Fly Fishers' Club in 1932, for suggesting this. He is fishing on Lough Corrib himself, and actually measured this fish, which is pronounced to be the finest specimen ever caught in the lough. Just to prove the old adage that it never rains but it pours, Mr. Garton, who also lives at Warrington, caught another "tiddler" of 11 lb. How he caught them I do not know at present. Mr. D'Arcy did not say whether they were taken on mayfly or by trolling—the latter seems most probable. What a grand brace of trout!—the 18½-pounder is the heaviest trout recorded in the British Isles since a 25-pounder was caught in Lough Corrib in 1925.

MRS. E. V. COPE is posed with her SIX-POUND TEST TROUT caught on a spent gnat on May 20. It was killed on an 8-ft. 6-in. rod in six minutes and netted by Mrs. Cope. In a fortnight's fishing on the Test she also had a 4-lb. fish and one of 3 lb. Mr. Cope's best fish were 5¼ lb., 5 lb., 4 lb. 10 oz., and 3 lb. 12 oz.

Women Barred from Scottish National Angling Competitions.

At the annual meeting of the Scottish National Angling Clubs Association a new rule was proposed and carried, stipulating that clubs affiliated to the Association can only be represented at competitions of the Association by male representatives. Only one dissenting vote was cast against the rule. Are we to conclude that Scottish anglers do not hold with beating their women-folk, or that they are driven to this extremity to protect themselves from being beaten?

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mr. Peter Lynch, of Co. Cavan, fishing the River Inny, hooked an otter. Mr. Lynch's terrier tackled the otter and killed it.

The Scottish National Angling Competition on Loch Leven on June 6 was won by Mr. W. Malloch with four trout, 3 lb. 11 oz. Results were the poorest for many years.

Zane Grey will fish the Tongariro River, New Zealand, this autumn, so it seems doubtful if he will be over here for the tunny-fishing.

There will be over 500 members and guests at the Fly Fishers' Club Conversazione at the Zoo Aquarium on July 11.

R. L. MARSTON.

GRAN'POP'S PUSH - BIKE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

AL-FRESCO SALES AND SIDE-SHOWS FOR CHARITY.

The MISSES DAPHNE and PAMELA KINGSMILL patronised the refreshment stall. They were dressed alike in silk dresses, with frills round the neck.

LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY not only opened the Garden Party at The Holmes, Regent's Park, in aid of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children, but tried her luck at some of the many side-shows.

MISS WINIFRED PAGET, whose marriage to Mr. Guy Carlton is fixed for July 10, is seen playing "houp-là" with concentration. She has already won a bottle of wine, which she is holding in her left hand!

MISS JACQUELINE DANIELL, daughter of Major and Mrs. John Daniell, assisted at the Produce Stall.

LADY DANCE, the hostess, was photographed playing the "counters on the squares" game with great concentration. MISS HANNON (left) and MISS WIGHTMAN were in charge of this side-show.

(Left) MRS. BLACK, formerly Miss Rosemary Villiers, and MISS TAYLOR took a chance on the popular race-game.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ATELIER-JAEGER.

PRINCESS INGRID—
A ROYAL BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT.

PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN, only daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden and of the late Crown Princess (formerly Princess Margaret of Connaught), and granddaughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, had a new series of studio portraits of herself taken specially for presentation to her paternal grandfather, King Gustav of Sweden, on June 16 last, when he celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. This is one of them.

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

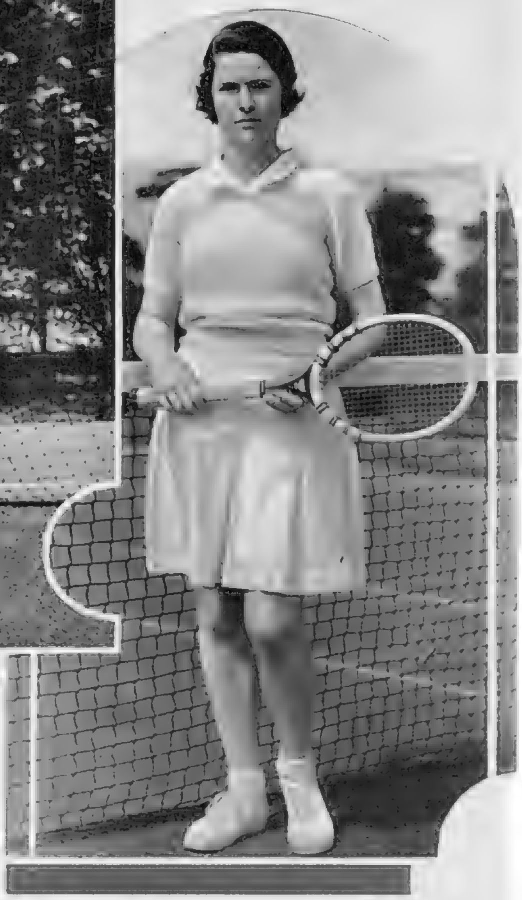
ENGAGED couples, married couples, unmarried couples, and single gentlemen in pairs crowd the already-crowded Savoy at supper. Miss Elspeth Bailey, pretty as only a British blonde knows how, dances with her very brunette fiancé, Micky Gold, whose sister, Dawn, married Henry Illingworth. Another Dawn is Lady Cable's daughter.

Mrs. Pim 's in crisp white; Miss Alethea Talbot is with nineteen young things taking a night off from débutante balls; Lady Delamere wears plum chiffon tight to the knees and frilled to the feet *à la* Argentina. She dances with her cousin-by-marriage, Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, whose wife excels previous appearances with a silver satin dress and three-quarter-length sleeves. Copycats are advised to refrain, as the home-made result would be a Bloomsbury bosh. Lady Willoughby de Broke, who wears the same diamond clip in her hair night and day, glides with Billy Clyde. The Hugh Campbells (invitations to park in their drive during Ascot are at a premium) eat with the Salters. Lord Carnarvon passes the time with Carroll Gibbons, who 's keeping it on the keys. His band is playing with more spice. May we congratulate ourselves that a campaign to ginger up West-End dance bands is bearing fruit in the strawberry season? If you finish conventionally with *fraises Melba* you must begin with *potage Germiny*, for which the Savoy *chef* deserves a feather in his high hat.

MISS HELEN JACOBS, the leader of the American Wightman Cup team, was defeated by Miss Peggy Scriven in the final of the Paris Championships. Miss Jacobs arranged that she and Miss Palfrey would play No. 1 and No. 2 against Miss Round and Miss Scriven in turn in the Wightman Cup contest.

MISS CRUICKSHANK was chosen as the fourth member of the U.S.A. team which arranged to meet the British side on Friday and Saturday last. She was to partner Miss Carolyn Babcock in the doubles. Miss Babcock was expected to meet Miss Nuthall in the singles.

MISS CAROLYN BABCOCK, of the short shorts, is a member of the American Wightman Cup team who were due to meet the English side at Wimbledon on June 15 and 16. She is the fifth ranked player in the U.S.A.



MISS SARAH PALFREY is a well-known member of the American Wightman Cup team. Before the match fixed for Friday and Saturday last the Americans had won the Cup for the last three years. In 1933 the contest took place at Forest Hills, New York, when the British visitors were beaten by four matches to three.

" G " Trotter never leaves the floor. On the contrary, several pillars of racing never leave their places, gloomily chewing the cud of Epsom reflections. Ours include visits to the D'Arcy and Warwickshire stands, or Racing In Comfort. On the former Mrs. Philpott assisted her step-mother, Mrs. D'Arcy, to entertain, and was, in turn, considerably aided by her son Richard, a natural comic. The young Homes from Aldershot added to a congenial atmosphere, and the gentleman who found sixpences inside little green apples was an attraction among the adjoining crowd. On the Warwickshire stand we remember Lady Muriel Worthington and her half-sister, Mrs. Arthur Young, whose husband enjoys his striking likeness to George Robey. In the paddock Lady Irene Clark was one of the handsomest and best-dressed; Lady Rosebery ditto. The sweetest smile belonged to her Lavinia Strutt. Those inseparable sisters-in-law, Lady Milton and Lady " Boodley " FitzWilliam, continued to look devoted. Miss Monica Duncan and her father, the General, were together. The Duncan sisters (not THE Duncan sisters) always look distinguished, and have been much entertained for. We expect to read their engagements to suitable scions sooner or later.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewar, whom we didn't happen to see at Epsom, were at the Inchcapes' dance at Sunderland House, attempting to reach the hosts, she very elegant with many diamonds. As they 're the ideal jewels for her type, it 's fortunate she has so many. No one can grudge the Dewars their good fortune, which they wear with a modest air of fellowship. Getting upstairs was a case of try, try again. Only Sir Oswald's storm troops could be counted on to succeed at a first attempt, and they were engaged elsewhere that evening. Having achieved the ball-room, which has the best dancing-floor in London (does Mme. de Balsan remember the recipe ?), we note Lady Inchcape will be described by the gossips as looking younger than her stepdaughter, and that her Brett relations are massed in one corner apparently holding a conclave, Zena Dare, in the left centre, facing the audience.

Lord Poulett succeeds in looking gay but sleepy. Lord Bective dances with Marjorie Glasgow, as well dressed by Paris as ever, and then with Lady Forres. Lady Hamond-Graeme, who brought twenty, including Betty Leveson-Gower and Isle of Wight neighbours, towers above the crowd, dancing with her husband. Lady Massereene 's another landmark, amazingly youthful in ivory (as opposed to white) chiffon. Mrs. d'Erlanger and her partner, Mr. Eustace Robb, are a couple of good dancers. Diana Battye and Shelagh Morrison-Bell

are palpably the best-looking girls, the former in much mauve organdie. Pale ingénue pink is worn by Mrs. Simon Brand, who owns to feeling "quite a débutante." Her daughter sits out, talking volubly. The cutest bustle belongs to a taffeta dress and Miss Florence Scheftel, chaperoned by the Claude Leighs, whose two girls come out together in '35. Mrs. Henry Tollemache is on the daïs, while her twinkling daughter waltzes round. Lord St. John of Bletso (does he ever miss a dance?) ruminates about Runnymede. Miss Lisa Maugham looks the image of Mamma (who owns a very loud car-hooter) in yellow satin. Light yellow for party hats or bathing-pool shorts is in for a run. Mr. Herman Andreæ is visibly on the run, hurrying home to bed for a few hours before joining his yacht at Harwich. After being out of the big-class racing game for a year or two, he's staging a come-back.

The Solent should wake up now that Mrs. Colclough has taken a house thereabouts. Those Ward twins are tuning up their speed-boat and we can forecast gay goings on, though not necessarily at the R.Y.S. Prettiest of all the pretties in many opinions, Betty Colclough has returned after a serious illness in the States, and was noted the other night with Flight-Lieut. William Langdon, who's on leave from

The COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK (left) and MRS. CHARLES MILLS are here seen going out to play at the Ladies' Joint Golf Associations' meeting at the Wentworth Golf Club. Lady Brecknock is the daughter-in-law of Marquess Camden.

LADY CAROLINE AGAR, daughter of the Earl of Normanton, played in the Ladies' Joint Golf Associations "Field Day" at Wentworth Golf Club. She is driving off from the first tee.

No. 30 Squadron, an intrepid unit stationed at Mosul These brave naval airmen read *The Sketch*, gaze at the close-ups, and sigh for England, Home, and Beauty when not doing their duty in the air. A fine picture is conjured up, tinctured with Tennyson, Kipling, and our esteemed contemporary *La Vie*.

Mr. Langdon was among Lady Leeds' guests at her first bathing party of the year, when she received dressed in Greek robes. Her children were similarly attired until they sprang into the water. Subdued lighting and incense counteracted the flippant effects of cocktails. All very picturesque, with something of the voluptuous sweetness to be found at Beltran Massés' show, where Nikitina and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey looked at the former's portrait together. This Spanish "painter of souls" is not afraid of laying on the paint thick in violent colours, essentially Iberian, a skirt of peach next to a blouse of lemon, against a sky of peacock. Are Spanish skies so awesome, Spanish nudes so gipsy wild? The artist's much wittier than his work, a realist and a leg-puller. His gift for lightning likenesses is expressed in the seventy-five-minute sketch of Iya, Lady Abdy, of the unforgettable mouth. Two days later we saw her head in the flesh, pressed against a taxi window-pane, looking with Slavonic indifference at the traffic mass of Albert Gate, her eyes greener than the traffic signal which seemed so long in shining.

Entirely opposite is Vuillard's exhibition at Tooth's, where Lady Oxford walked in the wake of Yvonne Printemps, while Everard Gates, who is a poet, obediently followed his wife. Just as Charles Lamb complained that Hogarth's paintings were books, not pictures, we felt that Vuillard, considered an Old Master in his lifetime, tells nothing that Balzac has not already told in all those wonderful volumes. As illustrations and interpretations of French bourgeois life, these pictures are delicious.

PRESENT: At the Berkeley young men and maidens adore Deslys and Clark, the hill-billy singers who are as clever as a pair of magpies. Mr. William Reeve, on leave from Egypt, where his battalion of the Grenadiers is stationed, looks merry. Mr. Collins (brother of Mary) and his fiancée look in love. Mr. Rex Hartley dances as if he knows how.

FUTURE: The Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead will again prove smart, moderately exclusive, and indisputably the only place to be on Gold Cup night. Last week an impressive Guardee gathering, including Colonel Alston, Lady Mary and Sir George Crichton, Lord Roundway, and Darley Bridge, met at Lady Dalrymple-Champneys' to discuss the difficult task of making it even better than last year. All four Royal Princes are again expected. Who could say fairer than that?

The Ladies' Joint Golf Associations had a "Field Day" last week at Wentworth Golf Club, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association won the Handicap Bowl with a net aggregate of 515 for seven scores. The HON. ESMÉ GLYN and LADY RACHEL HOWARD are seen in our photograph.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. XXI.
MERLE OBERON.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MISS MERLE OBERON, the young British screen-star, is the twenty-first to go into the "confessional."

"HAVE a glass of sherry?" asked Merle Oberon, holding out a glass full to the brim with the golden, most comforting liquid in the world.

I thanked her, took the glass, and subsided into a deep, seductive armchair. As I did so, she screamed so loudly and with so much terror that, had the chair not been so deep and so seductive, I should have leaped several feet into the air. As it was, I merely spilled the entire contents of the sherry-glass over myself.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Merle Oberon apologised, as I at last managed to struggle to my feet and began to mop my suit with a handkerchief, "but, you see, you were sitting on my face."

The empty sherry-glass dropped to the floor with a crash from my left hand, while the handkerchief fluttered from my right. I goggled at Merle Oberon with an expression that must have been registering about a thousand emotions. I was wondering whether it was she or I who was mad. Her face certainly did not seem as if it had been subjected to my twelve-stone weight. It was looking perfectly normal—and rather lovely.

Merle Oberon suddenly roared with laughter. "Don't look at me like that; I'm not mad, really. That's what I meant by my face." She pointed to a small black leather box lying in the chair which I had occupied for such a brief space of time.

"It's the box I keep all my make-up in," she continued, "and it's full of the most precious little bottles and things. I take it everywhere I go. It's a silly habit I've got into, calling it 'my face.' It got me into serious trouble once before."

I felt slightly calmer, and resumed mopping my suit.

In a flash Merle Oberon was all penitence. "Oh, your suit—it was all my fault. What can I do to get you to forgive me?"

"Tell me the story," I said, grimly depositing the privileged box on to the floor, and myself back into the chair.

She crinkled her nose at me. "That's a hard bargain. But—ah, me! the woman always pays. So have another glass of sherry, and don't dare to interrupt."

Merle Oberon lit a cigarette. "It was in Paris. I was filming over there at the time. I won't tell you what the film was called—it'll save complications.

"Well, at one of the parties I was asked to I met a young man with whom I got very pally. He was a charming boy, the son of a rather grand French family, and the greatest of fun. We got quite friendly, and used to go rushing round Paris together, in the evenings. It developed into one of those platonic boy-and-girl friendships which everybody has heard about, but which nobody ever believes. We made each other laugh so much that I don't think either of us could have felt romantic about each other even if we had wanted to, which was certainly the last thing either of us thought about.

"But, of course, being seen about everywhere together gave the gossips a high old time, and in the end the boy's parents got to hear about it.

"He came rushing up to me at my hotel one day, in a great state of agitation, and said that his parents were raising their eyebrows a bit. Apparently they were quite sure that I was most respectable, but they wanted to see this actress whom their son and heir was rushing about with, with their own eyes.

"For a second I felt furious. It seemed a bit hard that one couldn't be an actress, even in France, without automatically being considered fast. But then I saw their point of view. After all, the boy was very young in some ways, and I might be any kind of woman. So I agreed to see them the following Sunday, when we weren't working, for tea at my hotel."

Merle Oberon helped herself to a glass of sherry.

"Well, you know, that Sunday afternoon, while I was waiting for those blessed people to turn up, I never felt so wicked in all my life. I felt I was a baby-snatching adventuress about to be tried for my life. I was terrified at the prospect of having to prove my respectability.

"Suddenly, I heard voices coming from the little corridor that led to my rooms. They were coming. I took a frantic glance at myself in the mirror to see that everything was O.K., and noticed to my horror, that my nose was a bit shiny.

"I leaped into my bed-room and rushed to where I had left my 'face'—that black box you sat on just now—on my dressing-table, for a little powder. But an awful tragedy had happened. Someone—a cat, or the curtains blowing about—had knocked the whole lot on to the floor, and there were all my precious bottles smashed to smithereens. It was a terrible mess. The powder had come out of the box, and was all mixed up with the lipstick and the astringent and the nail-polish.

"I probably would have burst into tears if I hadn't heard a knock at the sitting-room door—my 'guests.' Instead, I picked up the telephone, and, forgetting all my French, bellowed: 'Quick; someone's smashed my "face." Get someone to clear the mess up.'

"I didn't bother to listen what the telephone operator said, though I heard him exclaim, '*Quel horreur!*'; but I slammed down the receiver and rushed back to the sitting-room to open the door.

"It was agony—that tea-party. English 'up-stage' families can be sticky enough, but they're absolute bright young things compared to a French mother and father who represent one of those old French families with terribly, terribly blue blood in them. We're good friends now, but that Sunday afternoon it was absolute hell.

"I felt all the worse because I could feel my nose shining like a beacon, and I didn't dare to look into a mirror to confirm it, for fear that I should be thought vain.

"Things were going very badly indeed, when suddenly we heard a terrific commotion in the street. Looking out of the window, we saw that an ambulance had pulled up outside the hotel. It was very odd, but it began to break the ice. We started to talk about accidents—I trying to keep my end up in rather hysterical French.

"But a moment later there was another commotion in the little corridor outside my suite. Dozens of people seemed to be talking very rapidly and all at once. The door crashed open, and in rushed the hotel manager, three or four gendarmes, and a couple of ambulance men, carrying a stretcher.

"The hotel manager glared at me in amazement.

"'*Qu'est-ce que c'est? Mademoiselle n'est pas morte?*

"I never felt such a fool in my life." Merle Oberon threw her cigarette into the fire. "And how I cursed that telephone operator!"

CYRIL BUTCHER.

MISS MERLE OBERON, the young English film star under contract to London Film Productions, is the twenty-first to disclose her secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. She was Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."; and is playing Pepilla in "The Private Life of Don Juan," now being made at Elstree, with a strong cast headed by Douglas Fairbanks in the name-part. Her next part will be that of Lady Blakeney in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE — MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL, COLIN, AND TOY SYMPHONY.

MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL is here posed in her Knightsbridge drawing-room with her small son, COLIN CAMPBELL, and a nursery chorus of toy animals. Colin, however, is too contemporary in his tastes to register much interest in anything but his model aeroplane! Mrs. Campbell, who was Miss Dorothy Field, is one of the loveliest young married women in society. Her marriage to Mr. Archie Campbell, brother of our golfing correspondent, Sir Guy Campbell, Bt., took place in 1925.

A GROUND AT-HOME BY AIR-MINDED HOSTS.

Al-fresco tea was a feature of the READING AERO CLUB'S at-home. Some of the guests sat at little tables—others stood up in order to see the flying better.

MR. HORDEN and MRS. TYNDALL were two of the guests who arrived by air. They are walking across from their machine.

MRS. F. G. MILES, wife of the designer, christened the new MILES "Hawk" monoplane, by breaking a bottle of champagne.

MISS PADDY NAISMITH, the woman motorist and air-pilot, looked the very picture of contemporary sporting girlhood in her neat flying kit.

MRS. CLIFF acted as a waitress in the enclosure.

MRS. A. G. VLASTO (left) and MRS. T. A. BENSKIN are seated on the lawn watching the flying.

MISS BERKELEY, MR. SLATER, and AIR-VICE MARSHAL BORTON, C.B., C.M.G., arrived by air.

Lady Lever and Mrs. Ronald Cruickshank were joint hostesses at a dance for their respective daughters, MISS VIVIANNE PARKER and MISS MARGOT CRUICKSHANK, at Sunderland House. Miss Parker wore an attractive chiffon dress with a ruche and waterfall effect of glacé silk, and had a wreath of orchids and maidenhair fern round her neck. She carried a small bouquet. MISS MARGOT CRUICKSHANK'S dress was of lace, with chiffon frills. Neither her dress nor that of Miss Lever was cut low in front. Soft ruched chiffon came to the base of the wearer's throat in each case, with a charmingly soft effect.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

THE DRESSES THEY WORE AT THEIR DANCE:
MISS VIVIANNE PARKER
AND MISS MARGOT CRUICKSHANK.

CALEDONIAN BALL, HOUSE
A BEAUTY QUEEN,

A dinner-party for the Caledonian Ball, given for Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houston, who was presented at the first Court. The names are (l. to r.): Mr. Philip Jessell, Miss Vere Hill-Cole, Mr. Brian Davidson, Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houston, ———, Mr. Moggeridge, Miss Joan Hadden, Miss Caillard, Miss Blackie, Miss Donald, Miss Grant, Mr. T. Donald (behind), Sir Walter Willson (next to him), Mrs. Grant (in front of Mr. Donald), Miss Helen Hilton-Simpson, Captain McKerrell-Browne, Mrs. Shepherd (only one eye visible), Captain Thatcher-Gale (behind her), Miss Lucy Phillimore (in front), Mr. A. Norbury, ———, Miss Elizabeth Anley (only part of her face visible), the Hon. Brinsley de la Poer Trench, and Ian Macdonald-Murray, late Sergeant-Piper, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

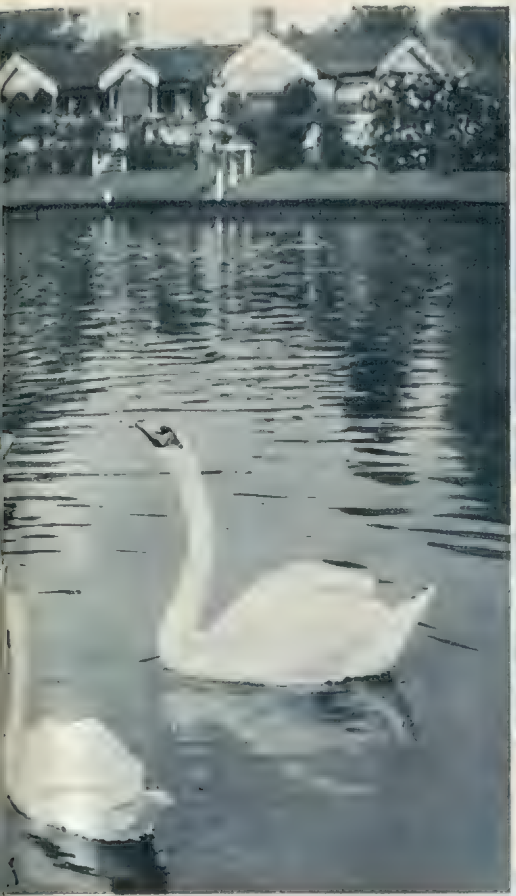
Miss Judy Powell, who took the part of Lady Episode in the Runnymede Tournament alter- swans on the river as well as the

The coming-of-age of Mr. Charles Perry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson-Perry, of Ferndale, Padmore, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, was celebrated by a house-party. In this group are (l. to r.; seated) Mr. Michael Grissell, Mrs. G. Perry, Mr. G. H. Pearson-Perry, Mr. Charles Perry, Mrs. G. H. Pearson-Perry, Mr. G. Perry and Miss Peta Davis; (second row, standing) Miss Joan Grazebrook, Mr. N. Haworth Booth, Miss Esme de Little, Miss M. Scott, Miss B. Grazebrook, Mr. C. McCormack, Miss Gweneth Butler, Mr. J. Manby, and Miss Ursula Livingstone; and (at the back) Miss H. Vaughan and Miss Primrose Salt; and (behind them) Mr. Dennis Bradley, Mr. L. Gardner and Mr. W. Heinemann. Miss Peta Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davis, is one of the prettiest débutantes of the year; and Miss Primrose Salt is always greatly admired.

The house-party at Eastnor Castle, for the visit of Lettice Cotterell (seated), Lady Somers (the hostess, of York, with his equerry, the Hon. Thomas Coke, Graham (lady-in-waiting), standing behind; Mr. Cotterell, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, Lord

PORTRAIT STUDY OF LADY JERSEY AND HER DESCENDANTS

PARTY AND FAMILY GROUPS, AND POLO SPECTATORS.



Holland, Queen of Beauty, in the Plantagenet nately with Miss Veronica Innes, charmed the audiences in the stands at the pageant.

the Duke and Duchess of York was (l. to r.): Lady standing), the Duchess of Beaufort (seated), the Duke standing at back; the Duchess of York, Lady Helen J. P. L. Thomas, M.P. for Hereford; Mr. Richard Somers, and (seated) the Duke of Beaufort.

The Polo season is now in full swing. Spectators who watched the play in the Ranelagh Open Cup included Prince Alexis Mdivani and his wife, Princess Mdivani (formerly Miss Barbara Hutton); (third from right), and Miss Jeanne Stourton. The Mdivani team, "Les Diables," were defeated by the Someries side, who beat the American "Aurora" team in the final.

This notable family group was taken at Osterley Park. It shows the Dowager Countess of Jersey with her descendants. The names are (l. to r.): Lady Joan Colville, holding her infant daughter, Sarah Anne Colville; the Earl of Jersey; the Countess of Jersey, holding her infant daughter, Lady Caroline Child Villiers; the Dowager Countess of Jersey; Antonia Pakenham, daughter of the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Pakenham; the Hon. Mrs. Francis Pakenham, holding Thomas Pakenham; Mr. Henry Lamb, holding Henrietta Lamb; the Hon. Mrs. Elwyn Rhys, holding Margaret Rhys; and Lady Pansy Lamb with her younger child. The Dowager Lady Jersey is the grandmother of Lord Jersey, Lady Joan Colville, and Lady Pansy Lamb. The Hon. Mrs. Francis Pakenham is the wife of one of her grandsons and so is the Hon. Mrs. Elwyn Rhys.

BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MISS MARGARET CRAWFORD, daughter of Sir William and Lady Crawford, was presented at the fourth Court by Lady Crawford. Her dress was of white lace with a silver lamé sash.

THE bravest woman of the week was the girl who went to the Caledonian Ball in a dress of taffeta tartan of the imaginative kind which is known in Paris as *Écossais.* The conventional attire for this Scottish festival in London is, of course, white, with a *real* tartan sash draped across the shoulders and fastened with large diamond brooches. Lady Scone takes first prize for beauty in this get-up. Her tiara in a leaf design is large, lovely, and becoming, and she dances reels beautifully.

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Lord Scone, who took part in the same set as his wife, is also an expert not only at reels, but at the somewhat intricate Scottish country dances which are never given in London, but do figure on Highland ball programmes. Lady Sylvia Maitland is a large-eyed Scottish lassie, and Lady Elizabeth Murray is also in the running for a Caledonian Beauty prize.

There 's always rather a "family-party" atmosphere about the Caledonian Ball. Young couples, like Lord and Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart, danced energetically together. So did Lord and Lady Tarbat. She is American by birth, but very Scottish by marriage already, as her reel-dancing shows. However, it may have been her American dress-sense which suggested the very good green dress which she wore. The all-white convention can be overdone as a ball-room effect.

MR. and MRS. SWEENY had a long farewell kiss on the porch of their London house before Mrs. Sweeny left to be presented on her marriage at the third Court. As Mr. Sweeny is American, she was presented by Mrs. Bingham, wife of the American Ambassador.

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Lord and Lady Selby's baby girl obviously has social sense. Her parents were married quietly at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Derby Day of *last* year. They were very anxious that their infant should make its appearance on Derby Day of *this* year, but that young lady evidently thought her sex indicated effort to have a birthday on "Ladies' Day"—the Oaks—as she made her appearance on the Thursday—the day *between* the two classics. She 's a lovely baby, I 'm told.

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Segregating the ages at parties is no longer the fashion. Chaperons come to balls, débutantes are sometimes met at dinners, and undoubtedly guests of middle-age sometimes add decorative value *and* conversational vivacity to a party! The Butler-Hendersons' afternoon dance was an entertainment for débutantes, parents, and even a few grandparents, who all enjoyed it. Miss Mary Butler-Henderson looked her best in a flowered chiffon frock, and her cousin, Mrs. Forbes, was one of the good-lookers among the young-marrieds. The girls who dance without their hats make a better show decoratively than those who keep them on, a point which all afternoon dancing "debs" should note.

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The postponement of "La Cenerentola" kept us operatically on the hop all last week, and resulted in rather too much Puccini for the taste of some Covent Garden regulars! Some unusual celebrities were to be seen in the foyer at Covent Garden at the Monday performance of "Turandot"—and when I say "unusual," I mean people who aren't inevitable at the Opera. These included Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey, just back from the U.S.A.; Miss Ellis Jeffreys, and her daughter, Evelyn Curzon, who were all chatting together in the intervals. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys wore her biggest tiara and carried her greenest feather fan; Mrs. Charles Cartwright looked impressive; and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was admirably suited by her grey-and-silver dress.

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To the great delight of her audience, Argentina gave many encores on her first night. It was difficult to say which of her dances was the most enchanting. She certainly is a delight to watch, and, besides her fine technique and personal attractions, her costumes are also absolutely right.

Lord and Lady Hailsham were in the stage-box at the première. Lady Oxford, who is a great admirer of Argentina, was there, as one might have expected; and Lady Ravensdale, handsome in one of the new voluminous taffeta coats, had a golden halo in her black hair and looked almost as Spanish as the dancer. She was with Sir Denison Ross. During the interval there was a rush to the foyer, as the night was so hot that air and refreshment as well as chat seemed indicated. Lea Seidl, in white satin; Miss Rosamund Lehmann, the novelist; and Mr. Peter Quennell were all to be seen.

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Miss Nadine Stonor was very pleased at winning a policeman doll in a raffle at Lady Greville's cabaret-dinner-dance, and carried it about with her. Mr. Shane Leslie, the novelist and witty talker, presented the prizes, which added to the fun of the evening. The hostess's jewels, which included a large square emerald and diamond brooch, a flat diamond bandeau, and two wide diamond bracelets, were covetable; so was Lady Gainsborough's dress of navy-blue taffeta, with pink pleated frills on each shoulder. The dancing couples included Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton and Mr. Vincent Paravicini, and Mr. Peter Coats and Miss Elizabeth Powell.

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Everything was marvellously arranged, beginning with the dinner-party of eighty, who sat down in the covered-in courtyard, which was decorated with large pots of white lilies, at tables of ten; and going on with the arrival of the dance guests, who came for the ball and cabaret.

The drawing-room where dancing took place had one simply huge vase of mixed flowers arranged in an alcove, and illuminated against

When MISS FREDA CROXON, eldest of the "Seven Riding Sisters of Northolt," married Mr. John White at Northolt Parish Church, she was attended by her six sisters. They rode to the church on their grey and piebald ponies, wearing blouses of daffodil-coloured silk, jodhpurs of gold satin, and tiny gold silk bérets.

a dark-blue background with mirrors at each side. The result was like one of the very best Dutch flower pictures.

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Miss Ariel Baird and Lord Stonehaven had a busy evening that night, for they were first at Lady Greville's dance, and later at the ball given by Lady Cranworth and Major Pearson Gregory, where lots of the loveliest débutantes were on parade. Donna Gioia Marconi, who came with Lady Marjorie Hamilton, wore bright scarlet, a colour that happened to match the rambler rose decorations of the ball-room.

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Lady Sassoon is one of the best hostesses in London. It is not every dance-giver who looks after her guests and sees that every one has either a partner for dancing or a companion for supper and chat, according to her age and requirements, but Lady Sassoon invariably undertakes this. Result, a perfect party. Mrs. Weisweiller, mother of the girls for whom the ball last week was given, stood beside Lady Sassoon, in a dress of champagne satin with a great feather fan to match. There was a good moment when Mrs. Redmond McGrath arrived, looking striking, as usual, in a cloak and dress of what appeared to be glittering black coat of mail, but was really sequins. The moment that Sir Robert Horne saw her, he dashed forward and said, "Come on!", and away they danced at a great pace in the polka which was then being played. A contemporary couple who enjoyed the dancing equally were Lord Clive and his beautiful young fiancée, Miss Vida Cuthbert. It's a relief that the energy is not *all* confined to the Edwardians!

COMMANDER BRYAN FFOLLIOTT WINGFIELD, R.N., married MISS ALINE MONICA ELWES, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Fenn Elwes, C.I.E., at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

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This is the year of lovely mothers. I have seldom seen so many young and good-looking chaperons as the battalions who turn out nightly at the balls. There is the blonde Mrs. Arnold Henderson and the blue-eyed Mrs. Alec Henderson; Lady Lisburne of the snow-white hair and Mrs. Richard Bethell; but the Duchess of Northumberland is the loveliest of all—and one of the best dressers.

At the Sassoon dance she had a figured crêpe model, patterned all over with little flowers in bright blues, greens, and reds, and with a *plissé* cape to the dress, and wore lovely pearls and wide diamond bracelets. She has fair hair, which waves as if by the hand of Nature, not by the power of the "perm." Lady Elizabeth Percy is blessed with good colouring too. Her hair is redder than her mother's, and has an array of engaging curls at the back. She's a good dancer and never tires, however hot and crowded the room may be.

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Girls who look well at night include Miss Jennifer Fry, who has sparkle and vivacity; and Helena Perrott, whom I admire very much. She and Lady Perrott, by the way, are doing a bold social "miss." They are not bothering about Ascot, but arranged to go down to Willey Park this week to stay with Lady Perrott's married daughter, Lady Forester; and say they will enjoy the peace of the gardens and the fresh country air more than the—rather crowded—exclusiveness of the Enclosure.

The marriage of MR. PHILIP GRANTHAM YORKE, the Life Guards, only son of the late Hon. Alfred Yorke, and nephew and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Hardwicke, to MISS SARAH KATHARINE ("SALLY") LINDLEY, daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, formerly British Ambassador to Tokyo, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place.

The marriage of MR. PAUL WILLERT, only son of Sir Arthur and Lady Willert, to the Hon. BRENDA PEARSON, fourth daughter of the late Viscount Cowdray, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Viscount Cowdray, wore a diamond tiara in a Greek key design, the gift of her mother.

MR. THOMAS THOMAS, youngest son of Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Dominions Secretary, and of Mrs. Thomas, married MISS NANCY HELEN MAUD HILL, eldest daughter of Mr. E. J. Hill. The guests included many famous figures in the political world.

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Observations of the week. Débutantes of 1934 do not "slim" all the time. Quite a number are ready to tackle supper at balls. This is a great relief to young men, who find that débutantes who neither eat, drink, *nor* talk are rather oppressive.

Mrs. Donough O'Brien is back again in London. She is a charming hostess, who knows how to mix her parties, where diplomats, musicians, bridge-players, and the merely smart are all equally happy.

Miss Harriet Cohen always collects an interesting crowd at her house, and her sherry party was no exception. Mme. Naima Wifstrand, who is Swedish and a great friend of Greta Garbo, sang in both German and her native language. Mr. H. G. Wells was present; so was Mr. John Drinkwater and Miss Daisy Kennedy. Mr. Stuart-Hill and Mr. Adrian Allinson were talking together, and Mrs. Claude Beddington was busy arranging parties for the autumn! MARIEGOLD.

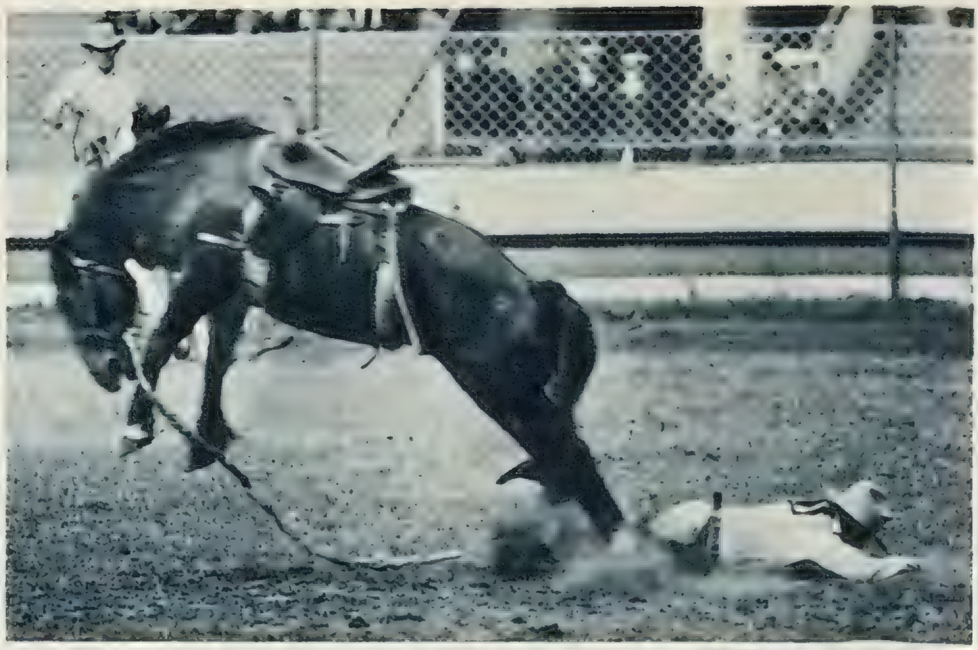
WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ONE of the most famous animals featured at the White City Rodeo is a small black horse called "Five Minutes to Midnight." Up to the time of writing no rider had succeeded in staying on its back for the necessary ten seconds. DAN UTLEY, who won the Prince of Wales's Trophy at the Calgary Stampede, had a try, but found that he had met his match.

MISS KITTY MASTERS has been engaged by Mr. Henry Hall as a crooner with the B.B.C. Dance Band. He states that, in his opinion, she has essentially a microphone voice—a rare gift in a woman.

MISS K. GARNHAM, the well-known English golfer, who holds the title of French Lady Champion, could give strokes to many of us on the green. She can also do brush strokes with considerable skill, as she has talent as a landscape artist.

ZARO AGHA, who claims to be 160 this year, was angry when a medical report was made after an X-ray examination alleging that he was only 120.



DAN UTLEY—FOR TRYING TO HAVE TEN SECONDS OF "FIVE MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT."

W. J. ROBINSON, the professional at St. Margaret's Bay Golf Club, hit a very deadly tee-shot to the short 18th with a No. 2 iron. His ball struck a cow on the back of the head and killed the animal almost instantaneously. This curious incident has given rise to a new and, as yet, unsolved golf problem. Is the player or the Club responsible, should the owner claim compensation?

MISS E. M. PARSONS, the young champion Surrey walker, challenged Mr. William Hawkins, a walker of the London Vidiarias Club, to prove his theory that he could beat her over a mile. She was victorious.

MISS KITTY MASTERS—FOR MASTERING THE CROON FOR THE B.B.C. DANCE BAND.

ZARO AGHA—FOR BEING ANGRY WITH THE DOCTORS FOR MAKING HIM 120 YEARS OLD INSTEAD OF 160.

(Right) MR. W. J. ROBINSON—FOR CREATING A BRAND-NEW GOLF PROBLEM, TO PUZZLE THE EXPERTS.

MISS K. GARNHAM—FOR BEING ABLE TO GIVE BRUSH AS WELL AS GOLF STROKES.

MISS E. M. PARSONS (here seen with MR. WILLIAM HAWKINS)—FOR TAKING HIM ON IN HER STRIDE.

"AURORA" ENTERTAINED AT HURLINGHAM.

Hurlingham Club entertained the members of the famous U.S.A. polo team, "Aurora," and their wives at a dinner and dance. LADY VIOLET ASTOR is talking to MR. SEYMOUR H. KNOX, the No. 2 of "Aurora."

VISCOUNT COWDRAY, a young English polo player, is with MISS PATTERSON.

MAJOR the HON. J. J. ASTOR sat next to MRS. TALBOTT, JNR., wife of the No. 1 of "Aurora."

MRS. J. HARRISON danced with CAPTAIN G. PRIOR-PALMER, of the "Knaves" team.

The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND was next to MRS. WILLIAM POST, wife of Mr. Post, who plays back for "Aurora."

The EARL OF KIMBERLEY makes a good point in his conversation with MRS. KNOX, wife of Mr. Seymour H. Knox, the No. 2 of "Aurora."

COLONEL the HON. HENRY GUEST makes a good point in his conversation with PRINCESS ALEXIS MDIVANI.

SOCIETY ARTISTS AID QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S:

MISS JOYCE HOWARD, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howard, is here seen in her costume for the matinée on June 26.

MISS JOAN BIRDWOOD TAYLOR, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Birdwood Taylor, will be a Spinning Top.

(Right) MISS VENETIA DE WINTON WILLS, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. de Winton Wills, is an enchanting figure in her dance, "Mannequin."

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" will be given at the Children's Matinée by MISS EILA JESSEL, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Jessel, and MISS MOIRA RUSSELL, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Russell.

Photographs by Marcus Adams, The

CHILD BALLERINAS FOR THE VACANI MATINÉE.

These delicious little Victorians are ANNE and MARY HOLMAN, the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holman.

MISS CYNTHIA VANSITTART, daughter of Sir Robert Vansittart, will also appear as a Hay-Maker.

MISS JOAN GARNSEY, daughter of Lady Garnsey, is giving a solo dance called "Bedside Lamp."

LADY ELIZABETH LAMBART, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cavan, is to be in a Haymaking Ballet.

(Right) MISS WINIFRED HARDINGE, daughter of Major the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, is one of the young artists who are to appear at the matinée.

(Left) MISS DIANA SUTHERLAND, daughter of Sir George Sutherland, MISS ELISABETH MONCREIFFE, daughter of Sir Guy Moncreiffe; and MISS CONSTANCE PARKER, only daughter of Mrs. John Parker, will appear in a Spanish ballet at Miss Vacani's CHILDREN'S DANCING MATINÉE in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital at the London Hippodrome on Tuesday, June 26.

MISS PENELOPE JOWITT, only child of Sir William and Lady Jowitt, and MISS SUSAN TOMS, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bowring Toms, are to sing a duet called "Little Miss Sunshine and Master Rain."

Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

CHRISTENINGS AND A HORSE SHOW.

RACES AND A COMMITTEE.

MRS. ARCHIE HAY sat down to chat with LADY MARJORIE HEATH (in checked taffeta) and LADY JEAN BERTIE at Newbury Races.

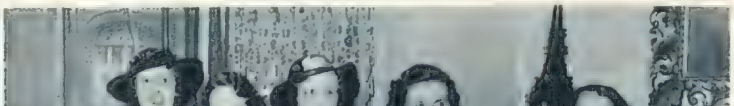
MRS. A. SMITH BINGHAM, MRS. PHILLIP DUNNE, MR. PHILLIP DUNNE, and CAPTAIN CLAUSON are examining the latest idea in harness demonstration at the Richmond Royal Horse Show.

The candy-striped taffeta béret with a Chinese line worn at Newbury by MRS. HAROLD LAURENCE came from Paris.

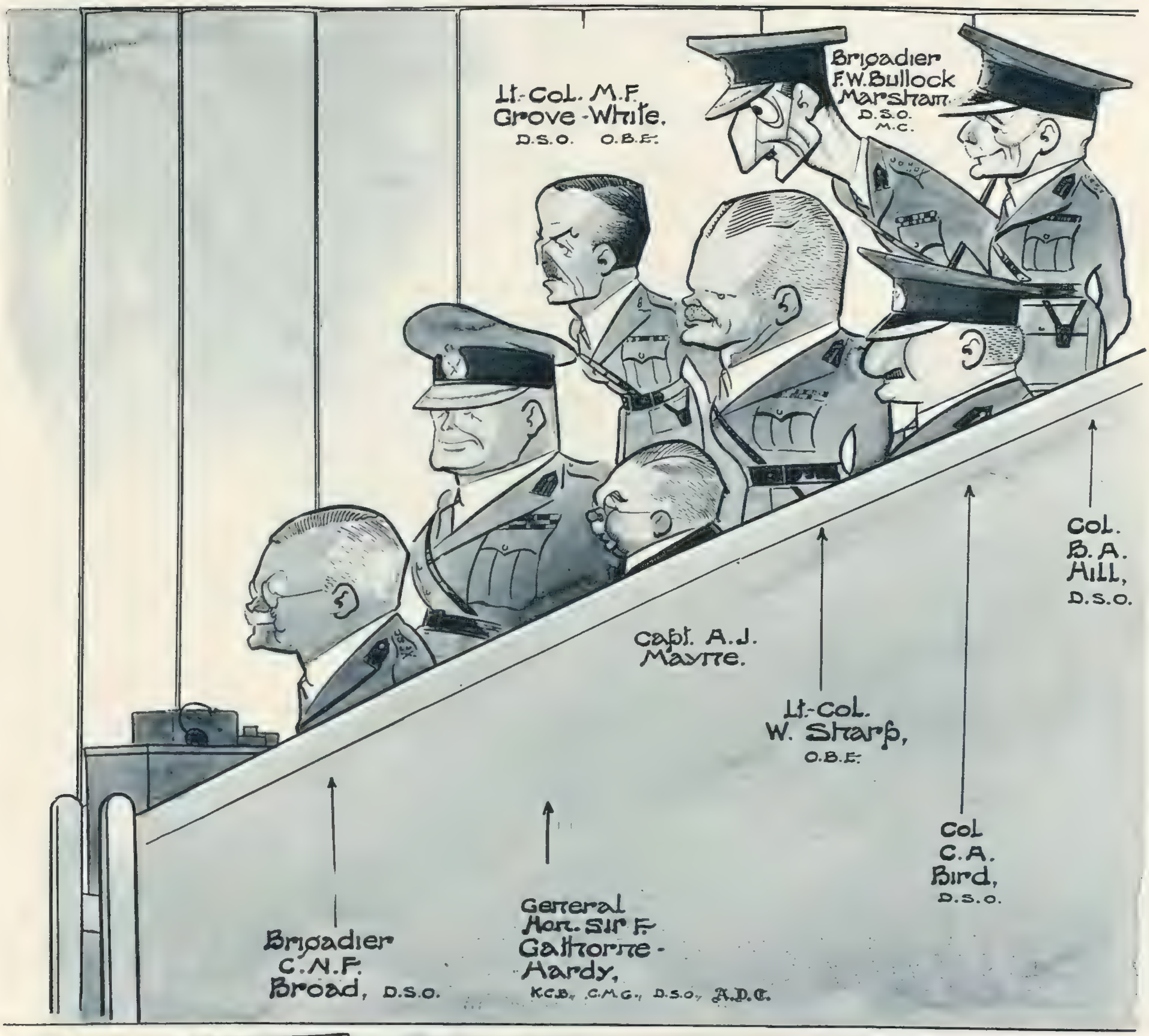
The infant daughter of the EARL and COUNTESS OF JERSEY was christened at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Her name is CAROLINE. She and her parents also appear in the Jersey family group on another page.

LORD BROOKE, the infant son and heir of the EARL and COUNTESS OF WARWICK, was christened at St. Mary's, Warwick. He received the names of DAVID ROBIN FRANCIS GUY.

The Young Committee of the "Puff Ball" at the Ritz in aid of the Federation of Working Girls' Clubs met at a sherry party at Lady Ipswich's town house. COLONEL HUME-GORE, VISCOUNTESS IPSWICH, MISS ANSTICE CRAWLEY (Chairman), and MISS ANNE VESEY (Hon. Treasurer) are seen (l. to r.).



MISS BUNTY SOAMES, MISS JOCELYN VERNEY, the HON. JEAN ELPHINSTONE, LADY JANE FITZROY, and MISS JUDITH WILKINSON are here posed with the posters for the "Puff Ball." They are all members of the Young Committee who are helping to organise it.



SEARCHLIGHTS ON IMPRESARIOS OF THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

Fred May's caricatures bring under the spotlight some of the big men who pull the strings of the Aldershot Tattoo. That marvellous event is in full swing this week, and drawing hosts of people down to that very military part of England. Two new items are the Siege of Namur and the "Rally of Empire," the latter being a brilliant representation of the part taken by our forebears in the building of the Empire, and of victories influencing its history. The President of the Aldershot Show is General the Hon. Sir J. Francis Gathorne-Hardy, who is G.O.C. the Aldershot Command; the Chairman being Brigadier F. W. Bullock-Marsham.

THE O.U.D.S. "RICHARD III." IN CHRIST CHURCH CLOISTERS.

1. *The O.U.D.S. produced Shakespeare's "Richard III." on June 13 in Christ Church Cloisters. The last Oxford performance is on June 21, but it comes on June 26 to the Open-air Theatre in Regent's Park. MR. PETER GLENVILLE (Christ Church), the President of the Society, takes the title-rôle.*
2. *Richard III. (right) and Henry, Earl of Richmond (JOHN WENTZEL; University).*
3. *MISS NANCY PRICE plays Margaret, widow of King Henry VI.*
4. *George, Duke of Clarence (RICHARD HEPPEL; Balliol), and his children, JANE and SALLY FOLEY.*
5. *MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT is Elizabeth, Queen to King Edward IV.*
6. *Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and Lady Anne, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales (LEONTINE SAGAN). For the first time in the history of the O.U.D.S., a woman, Miss Leontine Sagan, was invited to produce their play*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DELIUS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YVONNE GREGORY.

A POSE SUGGESTING HER END: GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES scores her latest triumph in the title-rôle of "Queen of Scots," the new historical drama by Gordon Daviot (author of "Richard of Bordeaux"), at the New Theatre. In this photograph the pose suggests that she had some prevision of her tragic end. The action of the play opens with the Queen's arrival at Leith in 1561, and the curtain falls on her as a fugitive in 1568.

THE RODEO GIRLS WHO HAVE A GODDESS-LIKE WALK.

1. MAXINE HENLEY, broncho-rider, from California. 2. TAD LUCAS, trick rider from Texas. 3. DOROTHY HUNT, trick rider from Wyoming. 4. MAXINE HENLEY in an amazing exploit. 5. GENE CREED, hanging by her feet. 6. GENE CREED, a great trick rider. 7. TAD LUCAS in action.

THE RODEO GIRLS at the Rodeo (which must be pronounced "Ro-day-o"), at the White City, are scarcely distinguishable from the young men, save for the added brilliance in their trousers and scarves. Their skill certainly seems as great, and their sinuous activity equals that of the cowboys; while when they stroll about the arena, their grace and goddess-like walk are noticeable. As some slight concession to their sex, they are allowed to have "hobbled stirrups"—that is, stirrups tied down under the girths; and a double rein.

COMUS AND HIS ROUT IN REGENT'S PARK.

1. Milton's famous masque, "COMUS," was presented at the Open-Air Theatre last week with "The Comedy of Errors." "Comus" was originally presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, so the Regent's Park production marks its three-hundredth anniversary. MISS NINI THEILADE, the dancer, took the part of Iris, and is here posed in the middle of Comus's rout.

2. Comus (CLIFFORD EVANS) and Iris (NINI THEILADE) in one of their dances.

3. The attendant spirit (LESLIE FRENCH) and Iris (NINI THEILADE) are the central figures in this group of dancers.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MARY "QUEEN OF SCOTS" is an inexhaustible dramatic subject. It has tempted poets and pot-boiling authors alike. The merit of Gordon Daviot's latest play, which scored a great success at the New, is that it shows the tragic Queen in a new aspect; that it toys with history without defiling it; that it is written in modern language with a classic flavour. The dominating trait of this Mary, whom we met on her chilly arrival in Scotland, is her dislike of her realm; her dreams of other lands to conquer and to rule; her fanatic jealousy of Elizabeth. One might add to that, her being constantly in love without knowing what love means—she sheds but few tears over Rizzio, and covertly lends her hand to the murder of Darnley—the most gripping scene in the play, the acme of John Gielgud's artistic production. All through we feel the essentially feminine nature that dominates her words, her actions, her paroxysms, her impulses — does she not simulate a cardiac attack when Ruthven demands the signing of his pardon for his part in Darnley's undoing? She is a creature of temperament and tempers. The former spreads charm on her surroundings; the latter forebodes the defeat in her struggle with Elizabeth, and, in the dim distance, the block. There was no guiding her, for she distrusted her counsellors and never could discriminate who was loyal and who ground axes of subtle treachery. From first to last the play is interesting; we even forgive a little hiatus in the futile, would-be love-scene between Mary and Bothwell, of which even Miss Gwen ffrangçon-Davies and such a fine actor as Mr. Laurence Olivier, a chivalrous Bothwell throughout, could make nought. But generally the actors' chances were manifold and grateful, nor have they ever been so well bestowed as on these principals — Miss ffrangçon-Davies first and foremost. Her creation of the Queen is pictorially, dramatically, and by personality a masterpiece. Her demeanour, a mixture of grandeur and child-like skittishness, from the beginning vivified the character, and, as she progressed, growing maturity lent it further poise. Fine, too, were the Mary Beaton of Margaret Webster, the Mary Fleming of Mercia Swinburne, the Lethington of Campbell Gullan, the Morton of Frederick Lloyd, the Ruthven of Norman MacOwan, especially the imposing Moray of Felix Aylmer, the romantic Bothwell of Laurence Olivier; last, but not least, the softish weakling Darnley of Glen Byam Shaw—a group of actors hard to emulate anywhere in the world.

"HAPPY WEEK-END" at the Duke of York's. Sherriffs illustrates how a healthy young Englishman reacts to the spectacle of a young woman plucking her eyebrows! Francis Mowbray (DAVID HUTCHESON), a devil for speed, finds that "Bobby" Poulteney, alias Polly Petworthy (LOUISE BROWNE), goes much too fast for him.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY," at the Strand, is one of the most ingenious murder plays of recent memory. Its invention and its structure do great credit to Messrs. Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory, whilst the acting is so full of vigorous vitality without exaggeration that seeming improbabilities in the story become plausible. It is a case of blackmail, homicide, and illicit love, skilfully sandwiched and told in the now so current way of retrograde narrative. We first of all see the prosperous New York doctor in conflict with his ex-partner, whose wife lives with the former. We witness the fierce quarrel between the two men, and behold how the villain is shot; then we work back to the pivot of the play: a meeting of the General Medical Council in which the hero is erased from the practitioners' roll for infamous conduct. That scene is magnificent, as near reality as is possible, and written in the terse, sober style of judicial proceedings. It is the *clou* of the play. But there is yet greater excitement in store for the hearer. Means must be found by the authors to neutralise the homicidal act of the hero, lest the verdict would mean murder instead of manslaughter in legitimate defence. And they have found it, so shrewdly, so perplexingly, that it literally took my breath away. It happens at the end of the play, so I must not tell; but it is a *coup de théâtre* worthy of old Sardou. Mr. Godfrey Tearle was the hero, quiet, restrained, impressive. The part suits him to perfection. The same may be said of the villain of Mr. Martin Walker—every inch the man who has become a fragment of human jetsam. Again, Miss Carol Goodner was quietly emotional as the hero's life companion, with whom he lived dangerously because, at the beginning of the play, both partners were not free. She is a fine actress of still greater possibilities. Mr. Hubert Harben and Mr. Eric Stanley were most dignified, incisive K.C.s; and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, heartily welcomed on his happy return, was a lofty figure in the Presidential Chair of the Medical Council.

If "PRECIPICE," the firstling of Miss Frances Gregory, which she wrote for the renowned dancer Anton Dolin, did not stir us as much as undoubtedly was the purpose, it is not entirely due to the authoress, and certainly not to the chief player, but to the flatness of the production at the Savoy. I have rarely seen a play so lifelessly vitalised, so underplayed by nearly all concerned. It seemed as if a pall was spread over the dialogue, except when Dolin himself was at the helm. Miss Isobel Elsom, Mr. Francis Sullivan, Mr. Hay Petrie, even Miss Kate Cutler when she had not a sparkling line to utter, played at a slow pace. It was as if they were burrowing their parts for a definite line of policy. And yet the play was intrinsically interesting in its analysis of the mental tribulations of a great dancer under the ominous influence of his own personality, half-weakling, half-artist, and of his impresario; and when the handling is not all too theatrical it has its moments of anguish, tense suspense, and real pathos. Anton Dolin, who with Brigitta, a pretty German girl, shared some delightfully poetic dances, acted the part of the eccentric, mentally tormented dancer, who loses his talent as soon as he is away from his psychical oppressor, with real feeling. He may—although I hardly noticed it—yet have his amateurish moments, but he has real emotional power, and at times quivers with nervous exaltation or the reverse. His leap to death from the balcony of his wife's flat is a masterpiece, both choreographically and lineally. He undoubtedly deserves his place among the front rank of the young generation.

This "HAPPY WEEK-END" impression shows Mr. Potts on the long-distance line. MR. CLAUD ALLISTER as the ill-used tailor is showing susceptibility to the charms of Mitzi (MAGDA KUN) even while telephoning!

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

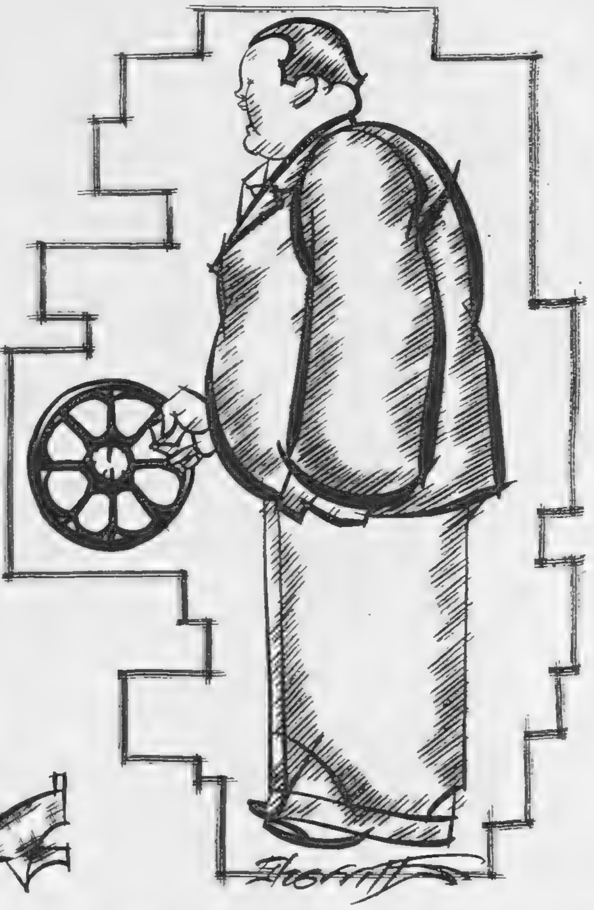
THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THOUGH the beautiful island of Bali, that gem of the East Indies, is by no means virgin soil for the film producer, neither its natural beauty nor its human interest has been exhausted. Far from it. Dr. Friedrich Dalsheim and Baron Victor von Plessing, who made "BLACK MAGIC" (Polytechnic Cinema), have caught the enchantment of the island afresh, and brought it to the screen with all the glamour of fine photography. Their thread of a story, dealing mainly with the efforts of the Bedulu villagers to combat the evil powers of a witch, and flickering here and there into romance, is not calculated to quicken our heart-beats; albeit a moment of religious frenzy, emphasised by clever cutting and "noises off," powerfully suggests the hysteria of native rites. But for the rest, the fiction merely serves to introduce the daily round of events in the lives of the villagers—the tilling of the submerged rice-fields, the cock-fighting and the dancing, the tribal rites in times of distress and in thanksgiving for evil overcome. Through it all the maidens walk like slim young goddesses, and the stalwart youths behind the team of water-buffalo plough the silver-sheeted rice-fields as they did when the world was young. The picture is full of the lovely patterns of palm fronds and many-roofed temples, graced by the movements of limber bodies, and lively with the sound of native chatter and music. It has an atmosphere of authenticity, and, if not conventionally dramatic, it is never dull.

The story of "WHEN NEW YORK SLEEPS" (Capitol) uses the stock figures of the gambler's wife, hiding a breaking heart behind a wistful smile, and her husband piling up the dollars at the green tables, on the race-course, at the ring-side, promising reform and unable to keep away from the game, until death takes a hand in it and the moral is pointed. Were it not for the pace at which the director, Edwin Burke, drives this melodrama of the underworld along, and the strong work put into it by Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Rothstein's piece of popular fiction, on which the film is based, would creak rather badly, for it runs on well-worn wheels. However, Mr. Burke himself has oiled them with effective and occasionally amusing dialogue, and the noble art of "out-smarting" your opponent is effectively developed against a shifting background of sporting and unsporting events. According to screen ethics, we are frankly invited to sympathise with a hero who is neither faithful nor honest; but fortunately there is more than this bid for sympathy in Mr. Tracy's cool, dryly humorous, and resourceful portrayal of the gambler.

The country bumpkin awakes in "HAPPY WEEK-END." Polly Petworthy, the country cocoon, becomes "Bobby" Poulteney, the hot and lovely town butterfly—or is it silkworm? Anyway, it's fascinating LOUISE BROWNE. PERCIVAL MACKEY, the eminent conductor, is shown conducting 'er.



STEVE GERAY, a prominent Hungarian loan to the British stage, as Ricky, carrying a sample portion of "Lightning-Flash," his unfortunate motor-car, adds to the gaiety of "HAPPY WEEK-END."

The Empire has a well-contrasted programme, comprising a hearty melodrama, "LAZY RIVER," and yet another slice of American family life, "THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN," a generous catering for a diversity of tastes. In the latter picture Lionel Barrymore gives one of his finished studies of the benevolent paterfamilias keeping the knowledge of business worries from his devoted wife and his three children. The preoccupations of the youngsters, and even of his wife, who has written a successful novel, surge gaily about the figure of the quiet, kindly old man, the while he himself, with a charge of embezzlement hanging over his head, fumbles towards the escape of suicide, happily averted. Troubles never come singly, and we can accept the fact that every member of the family encounters stormy weather simultaneously; but the Dickensian burst of sunshine that shines on all and sundry in the end is a trifle dazzling, gilding even the usually sinister C. Henry Gordon, for once the champion of innocence. The director, William K. Howard, decorates the domestic theme with many deft touches of sentiment and humour, keeps us interested in the concerns of a thoroughly nice family—neatly characterised by an excellent company—and leaves us comfortably assured that all these dear people deserve to be happy ever after.

"LAZY RIVER" starts rousingly enough, though for no particular reason with a wholesale riot in a prison. From this exciting scrimmage three crooks emerge; to wit, Robert Young, who, as the hero, has been more sinned against than sinning in his tempestuous college days, and our old friends Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy, useful men both when it comes to the "comic relief." All three of them land in a remote corner of the Mississippi, where the French-speaking Cajuns sing their plaintive ditties on the stoops of their pile-dwellings in the intervals of shrimp-fishing. In this outlandish place anything may happen, and most things do. Our hero comes to blackmail an old storekeeper, but, finding his quarry bankrupt, stays to fight her oppressors, to finance her business—with stolen money, but what matter?—and to marry her daughter, for which I do not blame him, since the part is played by the charming Jean Parker. There is plenty of rough-house in and on the river, and splashes of romance amongst the purple lilies, the "sad flowers" of the Mississippi.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

UP BEFORE THE MEDICAL COUNCIL ON THE STAGE — "LIVING DANGEROUSLY."

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY," at the Strand, opens in New York in 1934. David Norton (GODFREY TEARLE) has just shot Henry Pryor (MARTIN WALKER). Helen, the wife of Pryor (CAROL GOODNER), enters after the murder has been committed and is shown in this group looking at the scene in horror, though the dead man was a notable blackguard.

After Garrett Gale (EDWARD ROBINS), Norton's attorney friend, has heard exactly why Norton killed Pryor, he considers the murder to be justifiable homicide, so he shoots Norton (GODFREY TEARLE) in the arm to help his story for the police. Helen (CAROL GOODNER) watches.

The great scene of "Living Dangerously" is the realistic trial before the Medical Council in 1922. Norton (GODFREY TEARLE; left) is accused of "infamous conduct." The Prosecuting Counsel (ERIC STANLEY) is questioning Vera (HELEN GOSS), a witness, and the President of the Court (ALLAN AYNESWORTH) is seen on the right. The accusation is a frame-up, but Norton is found guilty. Pryor pays in 1934 for his treachery.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO.

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Opera-goers who assembled at Covent Garden on Tuesday, June 12, to hear CONCHITA SUPERVIA make her Covent Garden début in Rossini's "La Cenerentola" (Cinderella) were disappointed, as this much-looked-for production was postponed, at the last moment, owing to the illness of the tenor, Borgioli. Arrangements were, however, made to give the opera on Thursday, June 14, and Friday, June 15. The scenery had been specially painted by Volkoff, and the costumes were all new. CONCHITA SUPERVIA is the central figure in our photograph.

(Right) Although the fairy element is removed from Rossini's version of the Cinderella story, the heroine still appears in her glass coach.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONSOLE.

ROSSINI'S VERSION OF CINDERELLA—WITH CONCHITA SUPERVIA.

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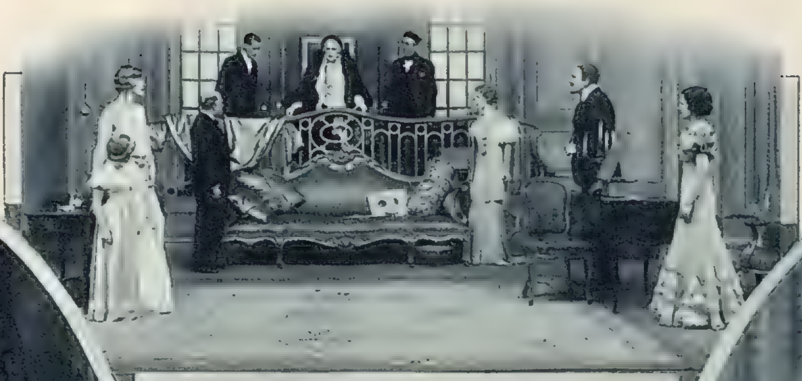
"VINTAGE WINE"— WITH SEYMOUR HICKS AS THE YOUNG GRAN'DAD.



"VINTAGE WINE," at Daly's, turns on the youthfulness of M. Popinot, who, at sixty-two is as full of sparkle as his own champagne. This shows (l. to r.) Babette Favert (KATHLEEN WESTON), Stéphanie Popinot (MADELINE SEYMOUR), Henri Popinot (STANLEY VILVEN), a Footman (HUGH SELWYN), Joséphine Popinot (JULIA NEILSON), Pierre (A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT), Suzanne Favert (GEMMA FAGAN), Benedict (PATRICK BARING), and Blanche Popinot (NANCY O'NEIL).

After a dangerous ride on his antique velocipede, Charles (SEYMOUR HICKS) rejoins his wife, Nina (CLAIRE LUCE), and explains his battered appearance.

Maria (STELLA NELSON) is saying to Charles (Seymour Hicks): "A son at sixty-two! This is a Vintage Year, Sir!"

The characters in this group are Pierre (A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT), the faithful servant; Charles Popinot (SEYMOUR HICKS), and his second wife, Nina Popinot (CLAIRE LUCE), whom the family believe to be merely his mistress.

MISS JULIA NEILSON plays Mme. Joséphine Popinot, the mother of Charles.

The Popinot family think that the youthfulness of their father should be discouraged. They shut him up in his château in the country, but Charles (SEYMOUR HICKS) escapes by a period velocipede.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

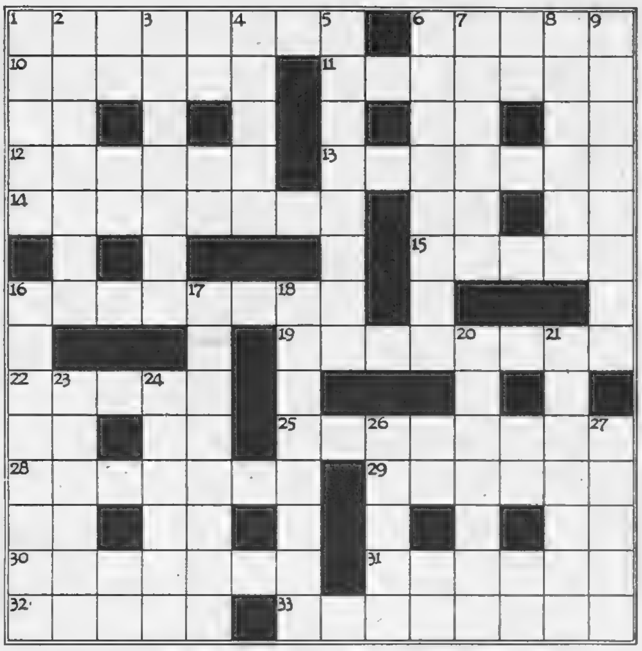
ONE of the earliest Babylonian inscriptions, I have been told, runs something like this: "The times are not what they were." It is a habit of the human mind to regret the past, deplore the present, and dread the future. One must not give too ready a hearing to dismal prophets. All the same, it would be idle to deny that there are disquieting signs, and that some of the most disquieting come from the United States. I have just read a novel which, if it is a fair commentary on the condition of things there, does really startle one. Not that its subject-matter is more sordid than that of many novels. From the dawn of literature there have been stories of adultery and murder. Nor is corruption in the Law Courts a new thing. What makes "The Postman Always Rings Twice" such a disturbing book is the spirit in which it is written. In intention, as the reader will discover at the end, it is a highly moral story. anyone in the book to act as a foil to Frank, to suggest that he was an exception to the ordinary run of mankind. But there is none. Frank is not surprised at his own wickedness, nor, it seems, is anybody else. The lawyer who prosecutes him and the lawyer who defends him only differ from him in one respect: he has broken the law and they are administering it. Katz, it is true, has a good-natured impulse: he lets Frank keep the money he was so little entitled to, instead of keeping it himself, as his practice was. But what could be more cynical than his bet with Sackett—the prosecuting counsel—that he would get Frank off? Then we have the minor characters—the crowds, the newspaper men, the animal-tamer with whom Frank spent a week of delight while Cora attended the bedside of her dying mother. There doesn't seem to be one decent person among them. One almost feels that Frank is justified in "beating up" the blackmailer, Kennedy, though the description of his doing it is as revolting as anything I have read for a long while.

The moral atmosphere of Mr. Cain's story, then, is so disagreeable as to be frightening. This is what we have come to in the twentieth century of the Christian era: a state of things in which crime comes as easily as breathing to the criminal, and is a matter of excitement and interest, not horror, to the general public. But as a work of art, "The Postman Always Rings Twice" deserves very high praise. Mr. Cain belongs to the school of Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. He gets his effects with the minimum of fuss: he is brief, witty, and imaginative. Indeed, the notion of making the echo of "The Greek's" voice come back, after he had been murdered, is a stroke worthy of Webster. Like Heming-

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Third-rate? Yes; but the rate is only three-quarters of what it was!
6. Merely implied, but you can make it act all right.
10. And this is gloomy enough as it is, so don't make it more so!
11. How a married man in France can keep his tin. Now, can you swallow that?
12. Ought to be loosened by rights.
13. Spoils, obtained when the devil puts on airs.
14. "D——— nice cat!" Yes, before this happened!
15. Pole. If you called it a winke people might think you were up it!
16. Now, get together! What makes lambs see?
19. *Ars* longer, but not a long lane! *Vita brevis* is what they are meant to cause, though!
22. Honour loses nothing when in the keeping of this Red Indian.
25. Not a patch on gin? Depends how you take it! It doesn't *always* go to the head!
28. Times have changed, and this is the Jewish way of showing it.
29. Since I *must* accompany a dago, let it be slowly!
30. This is the bird that gets *you*, if you don't look alive!
31. Get along easily. It's too short to be sweet.
32. It does produce wine, but not Scotch ale!
33. Oh, Dorothy Deane! Where has ——— ———? There's more than one here, though, and she must have done some crawling!



NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

DOWN.

1. This should have come last, though it 'as some resemblance to charity!
2. Only beginners, but they seem well recommended.
3. Its going back in the hole is decidedly unfriendly.
4. 'E interrupts the trick to give renewed employment.
5. What troubles do to life, but some people don't mind what comes after 'em.
6. Think of the journey first, then a suitable route, and the means of transport will be provided.
7. What to do with a tin 'at. 'Ave it within reach.
8. Ruined, ruined! Still, you'll get hardened!
9. They can change their "spots" all right, and their "stripes" are a bit mazy, too!
16. This is pretty sticky! Mind how you give it its head!
17. The curious thing about this monster is that it really has a 'uman element, and you can't quite make a ruminator of it.
18. Only little ships, but they 'ave got something to sit on!
20. Distinguished, yes; that's how you distinguish a picnic from an ordinary meal.
21. "I sail on!" says Jack, after forming one!
23. There are two ways of getting at the flues, and that's what makes it advantageous.
24. I can send you to sleep with the aid of a poet.
26. Talk about the side of a house! Double the middle letter, and you'll see!
27. You'd like to see the country's representatives at the bottom of the river? Well, here they are, making fine shows of themselves!

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, June 25, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the bottom right-hand corner of page x) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

The most obstinate advocate (if such there be) of retributive punishment would applaud Mr. James M. Cain for the fates he has allotted to the guilty lovers. To tell you more might spoil your pleasure in the book—though "pleasure," I must say, is rather an odd word to use in connection with it. Justice is satisfied; Cora and Frank pay to the uttermost farthing for the few months of pleasure they won by murdering "the Greek," Cora's amiable, friendly husband. Her chief complaint against him was that he was "greasy"—a curious instance of fastidiousness in one who was prepared to co-operate in his murder once, and, when that failed, to lend her aid a second time.

The Criminal Mind. Both the attempted murder and the murder itself were as barbarous as Frank's ingenious and involved imagination could make them. "The Greek" was his friend and his employer; but Frank had not the slightest scruple in taking his life, and such scruples as Cora possessed he fairly easily overrode. He was, of course, a criminal—he had been in prison many times—and a man of so little education that we are often compelled to guess at his meaning. (However, he possessed in the highest degree the narrative gift: he tells his own story, and it could not be better done.) I suppose it is natural and even salutary that we should get a shock when confronted by a criminal mind. It would be less shocking if there was

way, Mr. Cain is at heart a sentimentalist; he waits till the lovers are at their highest point of happiness before he makes them pay the penalty. Some of the details about the insurance are a little difficult for the layman to follow; and surely, if one meditates a murder, it is not necessary to make the plan of its execution so extraordinarily complicated? Frank set about the business of "bumping off" "the Greek" as if his head were full of detective stories. But, as so often happens, the realism of the details blinds one to the improbability of the whole. "The Postman Always Rings Twice" is an extremely effective little story, but, as I said, a very gloomy commentary on the times in which we live.

"Death in the Quarry." It is a relief to turn to a regulation murder-story, in which crime is part of the convention and violent death hardly affects our imagination more seriously than does, in bridge, the unexpected trumping of an ace. That being said, I must confess that, reading "Death in the Quarry" late at night, I was made slightly uncomfortable by it; I could not get Burdett's strange end, and the circumstances that surrounded it, out of my mind. Mr and Mrs. Cole do not, as a matter of fact, set out to make one's flesh creep: they belong to the sober, the Freeman Wills Crofts school of detective story writers; they aim at interesting the mind, not appalling the imagination. It is just the setting—the quarry, and the man lured to

Continued on page xii.

WORLD'S FASTEST LAND SPEED
WORLD'S FASTEST AIR RACE
WORLD'S FASTEST 'BABY' CAR
BRITAIN'S FASTEST TRACK RACE
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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

A Change of Scene.

It seems a far cry from Wentworth, where I had just been when I last wrote, to the Black Forest, where I am now "Following Through." Yet such are the marvels of modern transport that twenty hours after leaving London one cold, grey evening I was tasting the wonderful flavour of wild strawberries in a sun-bathed garden at Baden-Baden, to the strains of an afternoon concert hard by. Since then—a short prelude to treatment and a strict diet—I have been revelling in the delights of soft, balmy, pine-scented air, of meals prepared by a master as yet invisible, who in his kitchen is a veritable Lawson Little, and of cool draughts of the Rhine wine and the beer that will not travel, but each of which is worth travelling to reach. And, lest it be thought that this is merely a gastronomic interlude, there have also been excursions to the golf-course. These will become more frequent as my stiffness passes and, I trust, my weight decreases.

Fascinating Golf.

Some years ago Valentine Castlerosse urged me to visit Baden-Baden, but the excuse and the opportunity were not then forthcoming. Now they have arrived, and I am here enjoying every minute of every day, with every intention of enjoying myself still more. Therefore, since a pleasure increases in the measure in which it is shared, I do not hesitate to say that here is a perfect haven of rest and revival for jaded golfers or those who require toning up for the sterner realities of their regular occupations. Moreover, in spite of what one may have heard to the contrary, it can be done at a cost, including treatment and expert medical advice—if such be required—that is really surprisingly moderate, judged by usual standards. As for the golf, it is all that Valentine told me to expect, with a peculiar charm that I have not encountered elsewhere.

MISS "PAT" SHERLOCK (Hermitage; left) won the Irish Women's Golf Championship at Portmarnock, by defeating MRS. J. B. WALKER (Island), a former holder of the title, in the final by 3 and 2. The winner and runner-up are here posed with their trophies. Miss Sherlock is a daughter of Mr. Lorcan Sherlock, Under-Sheriff of the City of Dublin, and ex-Lord Mayor.

An Upland Course.

The Baden-Baden course is an upland one, part laid out over what was originally orchard land, flanked by oak and pine woods, and part cut out of the pine forest itself. The ground is definitely *accidenté*, but climbing has been cleverly avoided, and where greens have had to be made on hill-sides, the main construction work is admirable. The length, due to the terrain, is short, just over 4500 yards, but for a course of this type more than adequate. I think I have alluded, on this page at some time or another, to Harry Colt's suggestion for a course made up of a large number of one-shot holes of different distances, so as to give the "tiger" a number of those long shots—equivalent to long seconds—that he rarely gets to-day. Well, Baden-Baden is an example of this.

Good Long Holes.

There is one hole of 550 yards, the fourth, and a very fine hole it is, dog-leg from left to right, from a high tee skirting a wood on the right and then down a long and narrowing valley to a green backing on to the main road. The sixth hole is 345 yards, finishing up a gentle slope that makes it play some 30 yards longer; the seventh measures 450 yards; and the thirteenth, with a desperately narrow fairway sloping down into pine trees on either side, 470. These are the long holes, and every one of them requires playing to do in par.

Fourteen One-Shotters.

The remaining fourteen are all short holes. One is 105 yards, one 110, one 125, one 150, and two 170. Then, in the 200-yarders, one is 200, two 210, two 225, one 230, one 265, and the other 280. So here you have all types of golfers catered for. The champions and long hitters have test after test of length and accuracy; the shorter but steady players, opportunity after opportunity to gain the reward of a good short game; and the "rabbit" and beginner nothing too strenuous. For all, the golf is interesting, since excellent use has been made of the ground, and—a very pleasing feature—the bunkers are few, but well placed and counting. A few years ago, when the German Open Championship was held here, Henry Cotton did a 62, the lowest score, and that was three strokes above the perfect par. The scratch score is 68, but I can assure scratch golfers it will take them all their time to do it.

Drought Here Also.

Like all our links and courses at home, Baden-Baden needs rain badly, and, with commendably small greens, the scuffle rather than the pitch is, for the moment, the safer method of approaching. In these circumstances both fairways and greens are good, although the greens appear as if too much faith had been placed in the "acid theory." I had a very pleasant round with the local professional, Heukel, a young golfer who has made the voyage to America, spending some time at Newhaven, in New England. He is a most promising player, with the hall-mark of American methods stamped upon him. What is more, he is an excellent teacher, as I saw from watching him with several of his pupils. By one thing I was much impressed—the importance he puts upon correct footwork, and, judging by those of his pupils I saw, he is getting the proper results. Golf is going ahead very rapidly in Germany, and on this point I shall, I hope, have something interesting to say next week.

A Kindly Welcome.

Nor must I forget to record the extremely kind welcome I have received. On my arrival I found a letter from Herr Kurt Brenner, the treasurer of the Club, giving me the courtesy of the green on behalf of the President, with a message from Baron Böcklin, the Vice-President, whom I hope to meet shortly. Could anything have been kinder?

R. T. ("BOBBY") JONES is the new Captain of the Newmarket Golf Club, but this Bobby Jones is not the famous American golfer, but the celebrated jockey! The jockey "Bobby" Jones is, however, a keen golfer. So is MRS. JONES, who is seen with him and their two little girls, Betty and Sylvia, in this group taken at the Golf Club.

GEOFFREY MORRIS

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

At a country cottage or by the sea, Matita's coral-coloured linen suit fits into the picture so naturally that one is aware of it only as part of a perfect whole. A stitched inverted pleat in the front of the skirt allows one to walk in comfort; two pockets in the jacket prove a real boon; and the twin revers, one slotted through the other, are unusual and decorative. A patterned Shantung scarf completes the scheme.

On the right is a knitted silk suit in a tiny blue and white check design. Very simple, and beautifully cut, it has a belted jacket, and a skirt with box-pleats at the back and front. The scarf is of navy blue crêpe-de-Chine. The hats in both photographs are also Matita models—the one at the top in coral-coloured linen; and the one on the right, very like a little boy's, in navy linen.

THE

TUNBRIDGE

A cool and practical-looking suit for spectator sports wear. Made of linen tweed in a clear cowslip yellow, the jacket has four patch pockets fastened with dark brown wooden buttons, and the skirt has a front panel which is carried up over the belt and has four pleats turned inwards at the hem. It comes from Liberty, of Regent Street, and for nine guineas it can be made to measure in any colour. The bag and scarf set costs two guineas, and is of very fine brown wool with bands interwoven with tinsel threads.

1900

1910

1920

Those were the days, when in 1900 young ladies coyly took the court in blouses of pink satin foulard finished at the neck with a black taffeta stock, while on their heads were balanced precariously flat hats of brown straw veiled with cream lace. By 1910 they had become excessively businesslike in long skirts of stiff white piqué and shirt waists of snowy cambric—unsullied backgrounds for blazing club ties.

Tennis fashions were not the only quaint ones in 1920, so perhaps this cream serge skirt, worn with a white wool jumper intersected with bands of gold, seemed very dashing then. At any rate, it allowed greater freedom than its predecessors.

And now 1934 is witnessing the triumph of Shorts on the Courts. . . . Will these, too, look cumbersome in ten years' time?

HEIGHT OF EVERY TENNIS ENTHUSIAST'S AMBITION — WIMBLEDON

Here is a seasonable novelty—a dress in Lido blue and white checked Surah tie silk. It has a little pleated basque, and a sturdy leather belt, the ends of the bow and the edges of the cuffs being frayed. Altogether a most debonair and serviceable frock, not too frivolous for a serious occasion, but sufficiently gay to be welcome anywhere. It costs five guineas in the new Inexpensive Department at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge. The shallow sailor hat is of blue split straw trimmed with white gros grain ribbon.

1934

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"EXCUSE me, Sir, but you misinterpret my meaning. All I said was that it takes money to make money."

"Does money make money? I'm not so sure. Think of the people who started with nothing, and to-day are too rich to give a couple of guineas to Charity."

One of the brokers ostentatiously buttoned his jacket across his manly chest.

"We know all about you," and the speaker nodded hard at him. "Do good by stealth and blush to find it—to find it—er—— What the devil do you blush to find it?"

"Shame," prompted another. "He will never be rich. Gives too much away."

"Don't tell his clients that. If they thought so, he would lose all his connection."

"Is this a word-twisting competition?" asked Our Stroller. "I am getting a little bewildered. Money, did you say, doesn't make money?"

"It can make you lose it," was the next contradiction in terms. Our Stroller looked helplessly from one to the other.

His broker came to the rescue. "There's a very old Stock Exchange saying," he quoted, "that it's easy enough to make money, but very hard to keep it. Sounds a silly thing to say, doesn't it?"

"What would you say was a reasonable amount of capital to retire on?" Our Stroller wanted to know.

"Give me a hundred thousand pounds, and I'll tell you."

"Would you go out for fifty?"

"Thanks very much. You're offering the stock. Jolly decent of you. Well, I think that, on the whole—"

"Sorry, but I'm off. You're not quick enough." Our Stroller had him neatly and technically.

"What's fifty thousand pounds worth?" he went on. "How much a week?"

"One pony. As near as a postage-stamp."

"Twenty-five pounds a week? Surely it's worth much more?"

"Work it out for yourself and see. I'm taking War Loan by way of a typical gilt-edged stock. Say thirteen hundred a year."

"Shade more, to be exact, isn't it?"

"Not a great deal, when you take the price and the expenses into account. I'm allowing nothing for surtax or insurance against death-duties."

"So you see, Sir," Our Stroller was informed, "that money is literally worth very little in these enlightened days."

"Give me the Middle Ages and Seven per cent."

"Seven per cent, *and* stamp and fee," added a jobber. "It's not much wonder that people speculate at the present time, is it?"

"Plenty of things pay you better than the War Loan does."

Another member drew an imaginary line, with his heel, on the floor of the House.

"Rugger in this weather?" exclaimed a broker.

"On this side," said the illustrator, "is Safety and 2¾ per cent. nett. On that side—Coming back, Sir?"—he resumed his position—"on that side are Speculation and gold-mining shares."

"Your dividing-line is very thin."

"That's to show you the danger of paying high prices for shares that give more than gilt-edged stocks and less than speculative shares."

"Dare say you're right, but I can't altogether follow the argument."

"Take preference shares like Woolworths or British American or Courtaulds. Standing very high, aren't they?"

Silent acquiescence.

"Well, I say that the public are afraid to buy at the present prices, because of the room there is for a possible fall in them."

"That wouldn't affect the security, you long-winded old chump!"

Some more STOCK EXCHANGE NOTABILITIES by Fred May. (1) Sir Archibald H. Campbell is a partner in Linton Clarke. (2) Sir Stephen H. M. Killik, J.P., is a partner in Killik and Company. (3) Mr. R. H. Wethered, the golfer, is a partner in the firm of Grenfell; and (4) Mr. Ian Macpherson is a partner in Buckmaster and Moore.

"No, my father, it wouldn't. But people don't like to buy anything that has greater scope for a fall than it has for a rise. Hence this sort of lull there is in the investment of money into low-yielding shares."

"You'll see the money come back to them after the turn of the half-year. There's always a spot of window-dressing at the end of June."

"Local bank-managers get a hint that headquarters would like to see loans reduced, or paid off, where the security might be—well, you know," and the speaker opened the envelope of a wire handed him by the waiter.

His brow puckered. "Look at that," he said to his partner. "They've cancelled the limit at five-eighths, and its right on the spot, too. Yes, young fellow?"

"Those things are twelve-and-six offered, Sir. You said something about a limit——"

The broker declined to trifle with the obvious temptation.

"Twelve-pounds-ten gone," he remarked with resignation. "And I've had any amount of trouble over that beastly order. Sorry, an' all that," he answered the expectant blue-button, "but my limit's just been scratched. Thanks for letting me know."

"You ought to have left it in the market and then——"

"Well, I didn't. So that's that." He turned round to the desk behind him, and wrote out a reply. "'Wire received cancelled limit look nearly sellers five-eighths.' He might change his mind, and put it on again."

"When the price will be under to the eleven," said the pessimistic partner. "Although iron and steel shares don't seem very popular."

Our Stroller thought that they might return into favour after the pending schemes of reconstruction had been completed. "Don't you think," said he, "that investment is rather waiting to see what is going to happen?"

"I'm certain that is what's holding back the textile shares. People like them all right, and are ready to agree the prices aren't dear. But there's a Wait-and-See attitude on the part of a good many clients."

"That's so. It explains why prices are lumpish in a lot of our markets. I wish the newspapers would recognise the tendency: we brokers should be saved reams of correspondence if the papers were to let the public realise what is going on."

"What isn't going on, I should say."

"Say what you like. What you never could explain is why markets are rampantly excited one week, and depressingly deflated a fortnight later."

"Seeing that we shall never fathom it ourselves, I don't see how you can expect the papers to inform their readers."

"That's what newspapers are for, isn't it? Sold your Southern Cross?"

"Don't talk about them. I got in last week and sold the confounded things too soon. Rotten luck!"

"You made a profit?"

"Yes, but not——"

"'Ingratitude, thy name is——' That's not my deaf ear, Sir!"

"Turn round, then," and the jobber again bid loudly for Lake Views.

"Know anything about Hampton Areas?" Our Stroller overheard. He pricked up his ears, having had urgent advice to buy the shares.

"Bit of a mystery," was the reply. "Can't say I care for them. I got the general tip, of course, but thought I'd leave it for someone cleverer than your humble."

"What I find is—— Why, there's a sixpence!"

He stooped down and pounced upon it. "Not a hope," he assured four men who immediately claimed to have holes in their pockets. "That's F.O.F., and it goes to The Kids. I was saying that everyone wants to know what Kaffirs he ought to buy."

This is the Particular Poser of the day. All the best shares have risen to such a height as make them caviare to the multitude.

"Durban Deep and Nourse Mines——"

"Modder Deep, I'm told, for the lock-up."

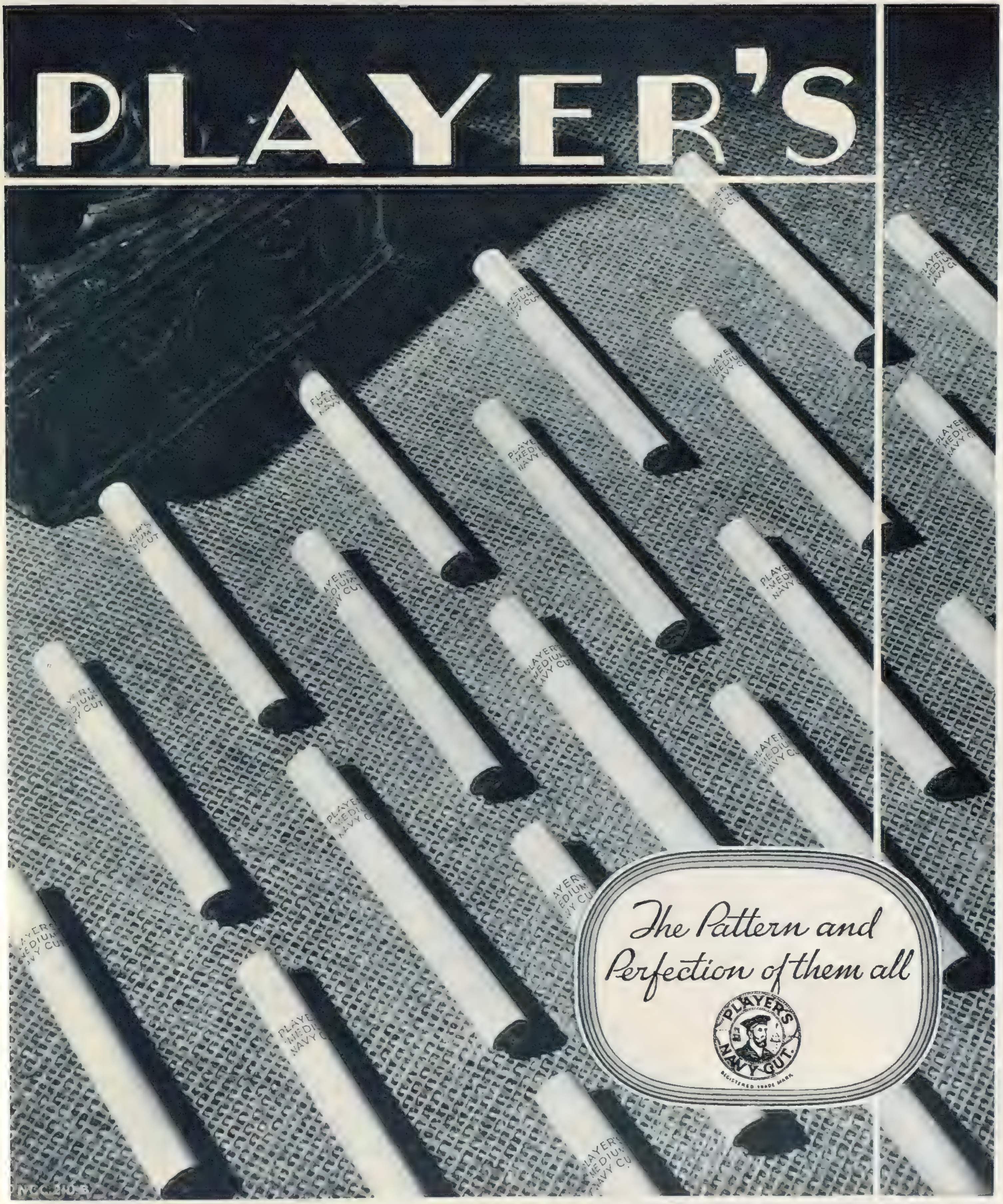
"New Era, now. They're cheap, on the company's holdings."

"Not much market. I'm just trying to deal in Fourteen Hundred." He looked curiously at Our Stroller and moved a little nearer to him.

"Fourteen Hundred?" said another man, also closing up.

Whereat our friend, well knowing the phrase for an intruder, pushed both men aside and, as our schoolboys say, beat it into the Street.

Friday, June 15, 1934.



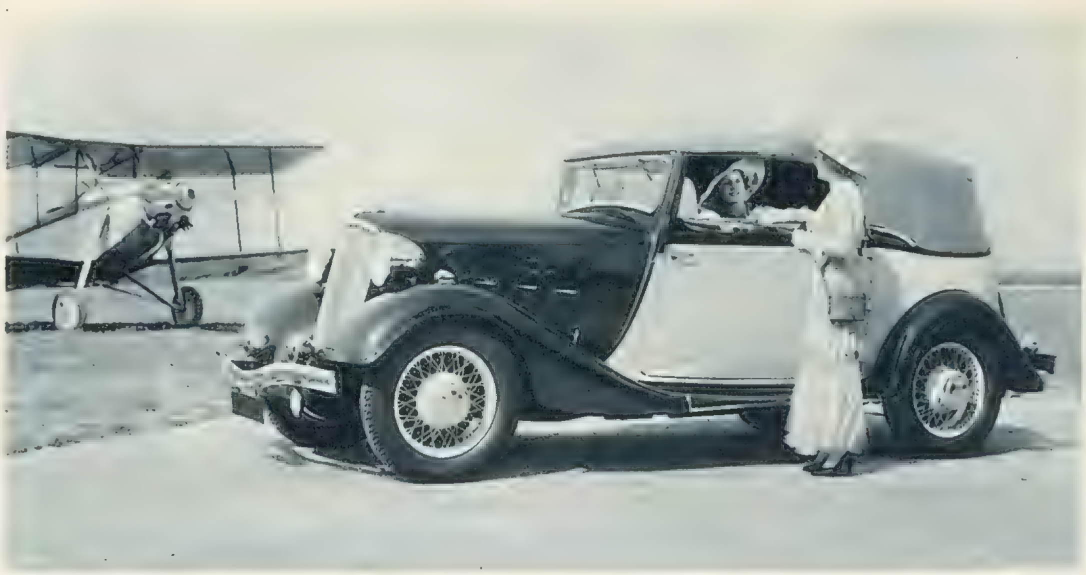
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 50 FOR 2/5 100 FOR 4/8

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

A GYPSY LIFE . . .

LOOKING between the slender trunks of silver birches, beyond a cluster of foxgloves in our "garden," and a quarter of a mile across the budding heather, I can see the two-storeyed "pits" of the *Circuit Permanent de la Sarthe*. Now they stand silent and deserted in the hot afternoon sunshine, but just a week to-day they will be crowded with excited spectators, watching the final stages of the classic Le Mans twenty-four-hour race. By the time these words appear in print the race will have been lost and won. The result will be known, so that there is little to be gained by forecasting it.

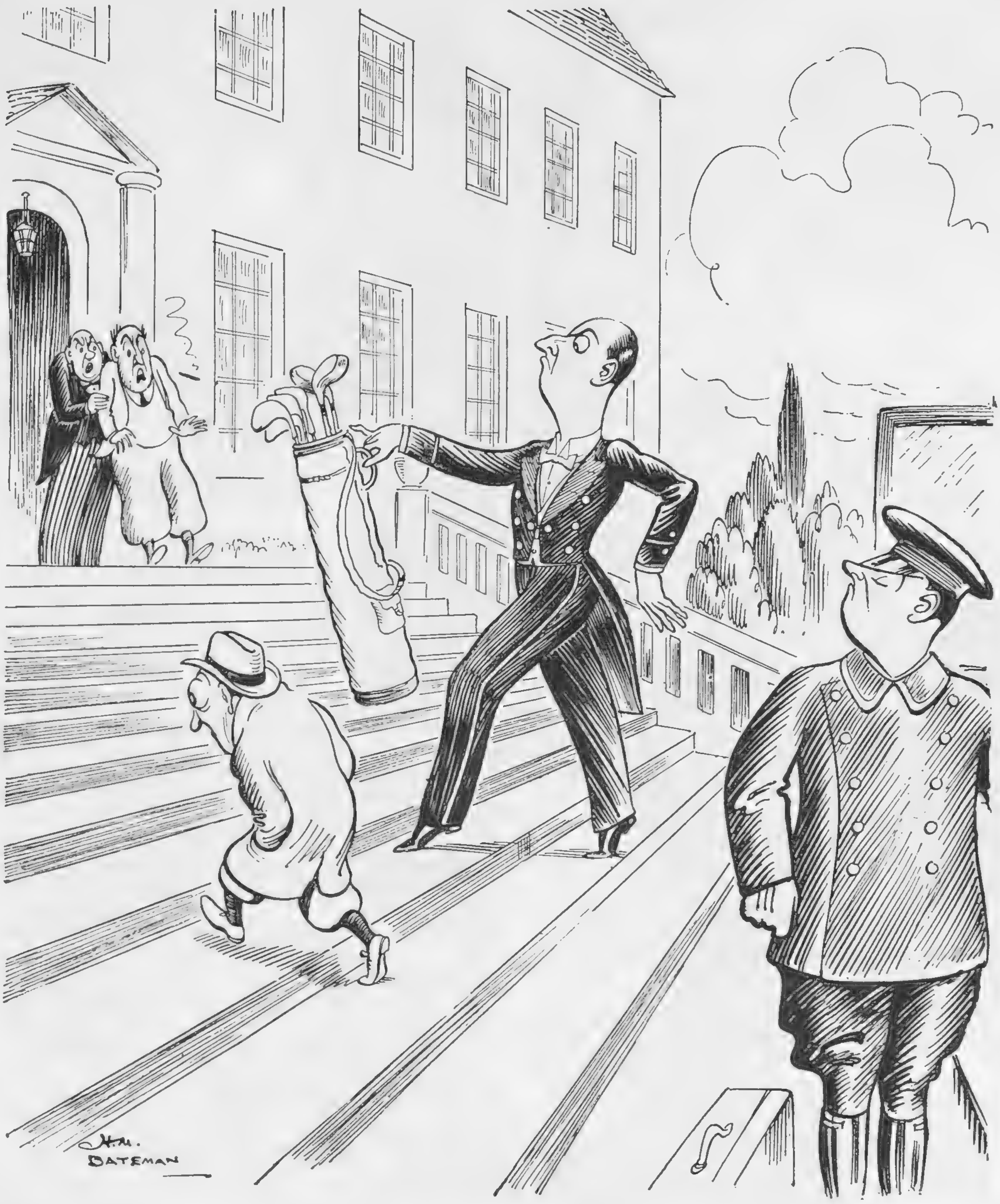
The twenty-four-hour race for the Rudge-Whitworth Cup is an altogether unique event. Run for two rounds of the clock, whether the weather be fair or foul, it is open only to cars in full touring trim, with wings, windscreens, and lamps. It is run over the wide roads of the Sarthe circuit, just outside the town of Le Mans, in western France, amidst country very like Oxshott Common, or the Crown lands down Camberley way—open heath broken by dark forests of pine. This year Great Britain was well represented, for twenty-six of the fifty-two entries received were British. This is the race, of course, which the Bentleys won four glorious years in succession. Eleven times have I been over to Le Mans for the race, but never before have I found so pleasant a resting-place as the deserted farmyard in which I am sitting writing. A wild profusion of roses blooms in the neglected garden. A woodpecker utters strange, staccato sounds from a nearby tree. Crickets chirrup in the long grass, and faint sounds of music drift across from the loud-speaker of an antiquated wireless-set borrowed in Le Mans.



The beautiful car illustrated herewith is a RENAULT FOUR-SEATER "AIRLINE" COUPÉ (drop-head). Its price on a Speed Six chassis is £365. Our photograph illustrates the smart lines of this attractive model.

This year, hearing that every hotel in the town was filled to capacity, we decided to be quite independent—at any rate, as far as sleeping quarters were concerned. So we took over (I was helping Lord de Clifford, who drove a Lagonda "Rapier" in the race) a couple of beautiful Car-Cruiser caravans fitted with four berths, and everything we could possibly require in the way of crockery, cutlery, and furniture. My Armstrong-Siddeley 12-h.p. Sports Coupé and a 1930 Morris-Cowley tourer were used to tow these 15-ft. "giants" down to Newhaven, and for the 160 miles from Dieppe to Le Mans. It was my first experience of touring a caravan, and as the van was quite twice as large as my car, it at first felt a little strange.

[*Continued overleaf.*



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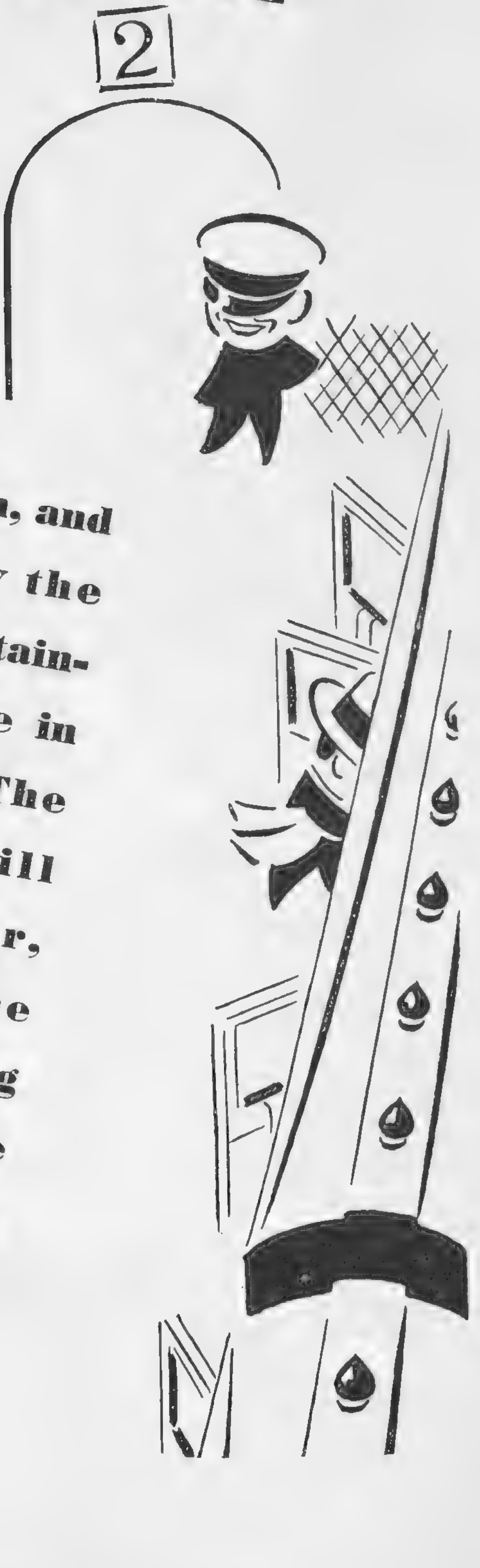

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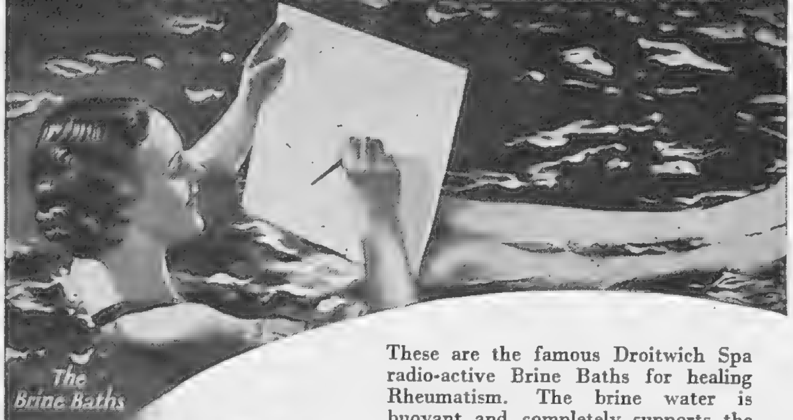

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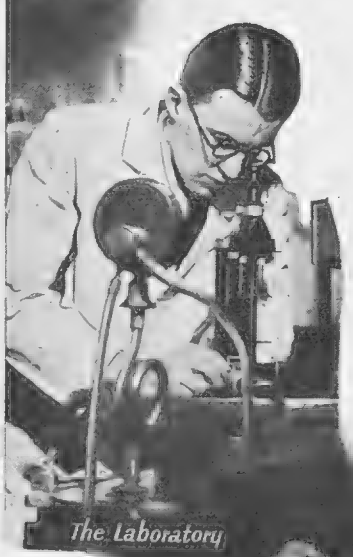

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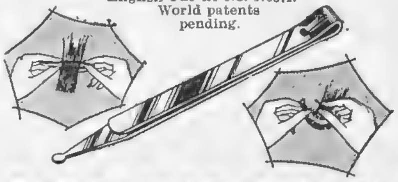

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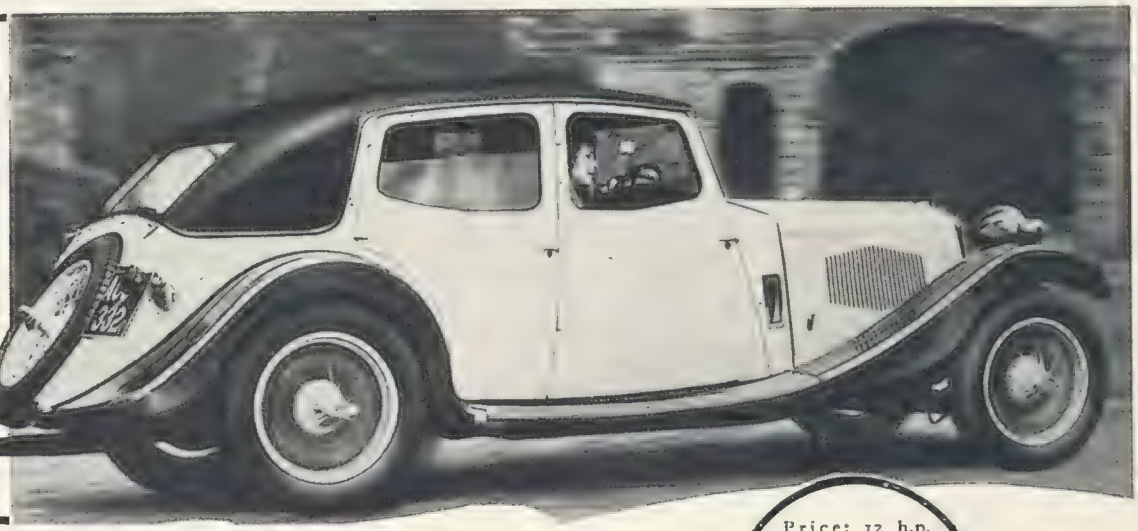

THE hill that was always a bit of a trouble to you seems flattened out. The winding road seems strangely straighter. Surely the traffic in the town seems thinner than it used to be. Anyhow, you used to do the Manor House in 70 minutes and now you occasionally get there under the hour and you haven't had a "near squeak" since . . . since . . . why, of course, since you had this new Kestrel. So there's really something in this high average business. You get there quicker and yet you feel safer. It's a combination of Riley engineering, aeroline design, preselectagear, and—well, one learns a good deal from winning all these big races and trials and things. Have you incidentally seen the Kestrel *from the inside?*

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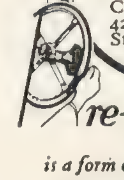

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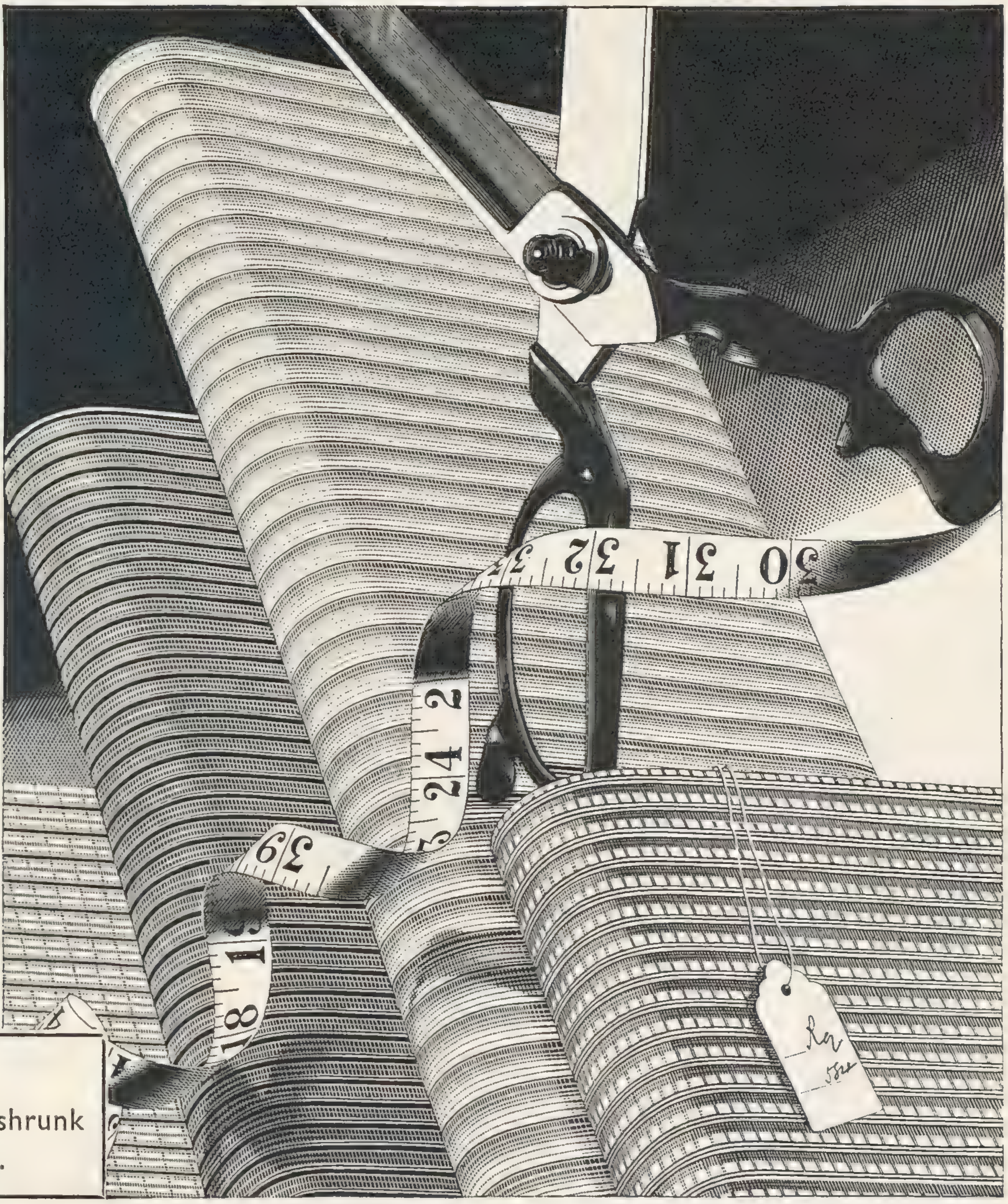

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Continued.]

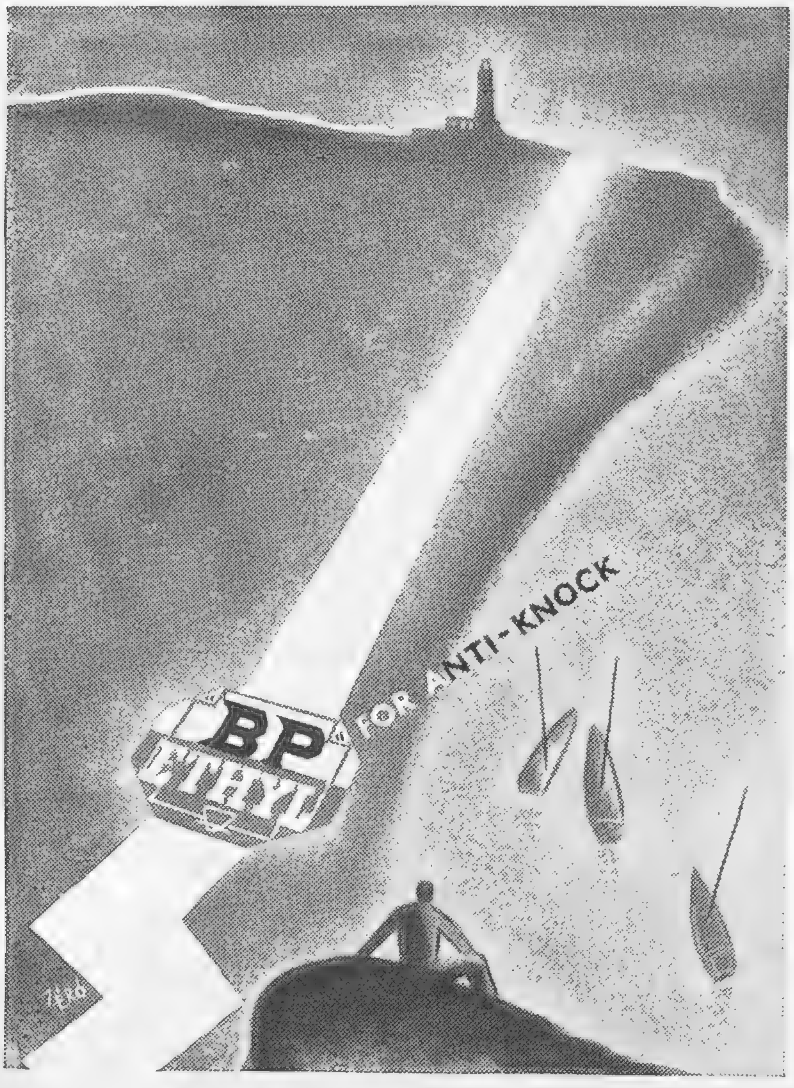
Nevertheless, without ever exceeding the statutory speed of 30 m.p.h., I found myself averaging 28 m.p.h. from Dorking to Reigate, and on down the Brighton road. Indeed, it was only Brighton that really slowed me up, so that my overall average speed was 26·2 m.p.h., from Leatherhead to Newhaven, which speaks well for the pulling powers of the little Armstrong-Siddeley and the light weight of the caravan. And, curiously enough, I used 25 per cent. *less* petrol for the journey than I would have needed normally—I presume, thanks to the steady 30 m.p.h. at which I was driving.

The caravans were taken over inexpensively by cargo-boat, and were ready and waiting for us on the quayside when we landed at Dieppe. The Customs men were expeditious and charming, so that by 6.15 a.m. we were pulling strongly up the long hill on the Rouen road. Having now towed the Car Cruiser for 160 miles on French roads, I can say that France is ideal for caravanning. The long, straight, unfrequented roads enable one to keep up an absolutely steady speed, and to travel faster than is permissible or safe in England. Despite the light weight of the two cars used for touring, we were able to work up to 40 m.p.h. The little Armstrong-Siddeley pulled the big van beautifully up every hill, making light of its task, so that our net running-time from Dieppe to Le Mans, *via* Rouen and Alençon, was only five and a-half hours. Our gross time, including a long stop for breakfast and shorter halts for petrol and beer, was just under seven hours.

Needless to say, the passing of the caravans aroused admiring comments in every town and village, and whenever we stopped a crowd collected at once. "*Ça, c'est chouette!*" was the usual expression of the beholders. Admittedly, ours was a "luxury cruise." "David," mine host of the Hôtel Moderne, brought us out delicious meals twice a day, while "Henri"—ex-chauffeur and valet and man-of-all-work—put on a white jacket and waited at table when he was not polishing our shoes or making beds. David found a rather primitive four-valve radio set "upstairs in de cellar," and this was, in due course, made to function. We got water from a deep well into which trickled a spring. I became all-scientific, and designed two beautiful "soakaways" into which the water from the wash-basins in the caravans drained invisibly through rubber hose bought in the market. The Armstrong-Siddeley and the Morris provided electric light which brilliantly illuminated the insides of the caravans. The racing Lagonda was housed in a barn, and Henri lived in an army tent and did his cooking in a shed. Altogether it was ideal.

I must say this experience in motor-caravanning has been an eye-opener to me. I find that the smallest car can tow a roomy van at a speed quite high enough for comfortable touring. The petrol consumption is not increased, while the oil consumption is less because the engine is not turning over fast. If reasonably sheltered, the vans do not get too hot on a sunny day although they remain pleasantly cosy at night. Finally, there is no luggage to carry and no packing to do, for one's clothes stay on coat-hangers in the wardrobe, and other things in the large drawers under the berths. My first experience with these Car Cruisers has been so satisfactory that it will certainly not be my last.

Bathers at Droitwich Spa, Worcestershire, can perform many strange feats in the water, as it is IMPOSSIBLE TO SINK IN IT! This is owing to the density of the natural salt spring water, which is ten to twelve times as dense as sea-water and forty per cent. denser than the Dead Sea.



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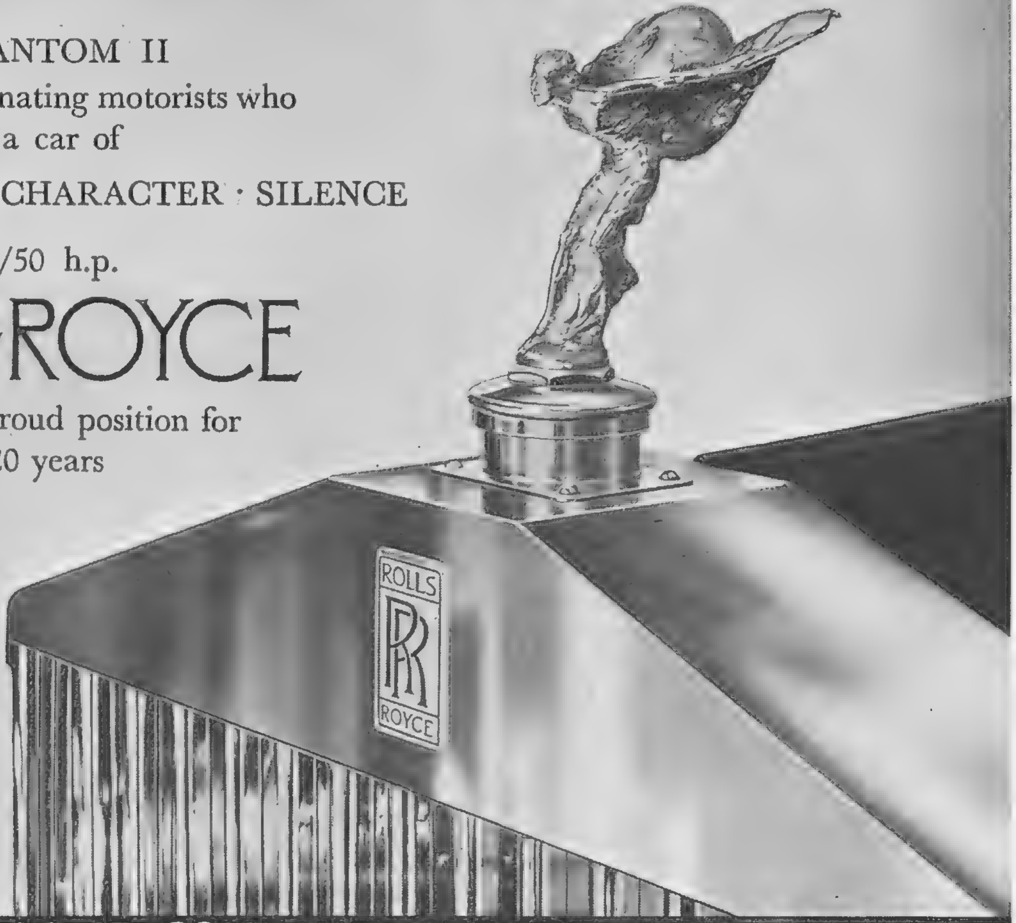

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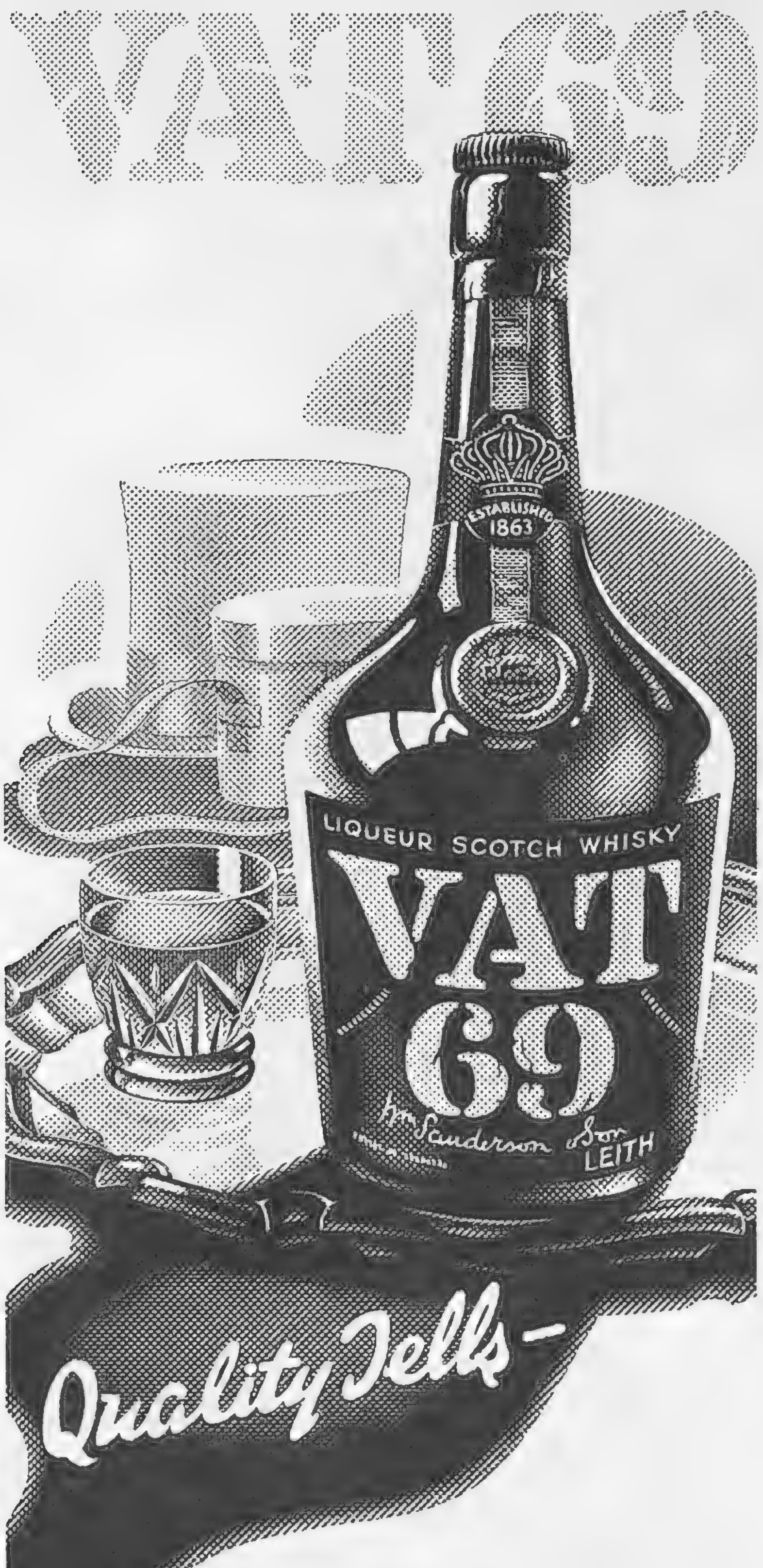

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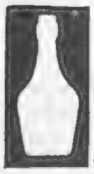

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A LITTLE USEFUL ARITHMETIC!

MOST contract-players have a weakness for arithmetic; they like to "count up" a hand and total it to "a point." "Plus" tricks tickle them to death—as, indeed, they do me, mainly because I have not the faintest idea what exactly "a plus" trick means. If it means a *possible* trick, why not call it so; and if Knave x, x or 10, x, x, x is called "a plus," why not go the whole hog and call x, x, x "a minus"? In truth, it would be more to the point to instruct a bridge-player to count up his "minus" tricks than to bother about his "plus" tricks. Personally, I detest any form of mathematical "count" at bridge, but, none the less, there is one situation where a tiny little calculation is useful at the game. It deals with defensive bidding, and, as this is a subject rather neglected by our writers, you won't find much about it in text-books.

A few examples will be the simplest way of explaining. Suppose you hold two, so to speak, identical suits and the bidding has been opened against you. What should you say? Before saying anything you must make a little calculation. Thus A opens with one spade or heart; you hold Spade x, x; Heart x, x, x; Club A, K, x, x; and Diamond A, K, x, x. You should bid two diamonds. Why? Because, if opponent then bids two spades or two hearts, you can (and should) bid three clubs. Now, if your partner has any choice between clubs and diamonds and prefers diamonds, he can bid three diamonds without increasing the contract. Bid the other way round, first two clubs and then three diamonds, your partner cannot very well show a preference—the bidding is too high. Consider—

Spades—A, x, x, x.
Hearts—A, x, x, x.

One club or diamond has been opened against you. Bid one spade, then two hearts, giving partner an option.

Spades—A, x, x, x.
Diamonds—A, x, x, x.

Against a club opening, bid one spade, then two diamonds, to give partner an option on the suits.

Unfortunately, you cannot always give partner an option between your two suits, but you can keep the bidding low, thus—

Spades—A, x, x, x.
Clubs—A, x, x, x.

One heart or one diamond bid. Bid two clubs, next two spades. If you bid one spade first, it will mean a bid of three to show your second suit.

or

Spades—A, x, x, x.
Diamonds—A, x, x, x.

Against one no-trump, bid two diamonds, because, if doubled, you can bid two spades at the same level.

So, in defence, every hand needs its calculation based on how the further bidding *may* develop, but let no idea of game-winning upset your calculations! When the bidding has been opened against you, your side's chances of game are negligible! Defensive bidding should aspire to (*a*) making a partial score; (*b*) despoiling an adverse partial score; (*c*) not to incur a heavy penalty in attempting either object. Nothing more! Therefore, should you sit behind Spades A, 10, 9, 8 and Hearts A, K, Kn, 2, bid one spade against a diamond opening; if the bidding goes one no-trump, two clubs, or two diamonds, then bid two hearts, and you have told your story: your partner can then tell his story *cheaply* by putting you back into spades. There is another little point about such holdings: the hearts will win tricks anyhow the spade will win tricks only when trumps.

Here is the hand given last week—

B (dummy)		A (player)
Spades—10, 9, 8.	Y	Spades—A, K, Kn, 7, 6, 5.
Hearts—K, Q, 3, 2.		Hearts—A.
Clubs—10, 9, 8.		Clubs—K, 4, 2.
Diamonds—Kn, 9, 5.	Z	Diamonds—A, 4, 3.

A is playing four spades. Y led the ace and small club. A won the second trick and led the ace of hearts. Then the ace and a *small* trump! Dummy was now bound to get in on either the second or third round of trumps to lead hearts, A throwing two losers. Simple—but perhaps so simple that most A's would have missed it! The situation was set up as an example of the fatality of the ace-doubleton lead. Y's hand was a difficult one to lead from. He held Spades Q, 3, 2; Hearts Kn, 8, 5, 4; Clubs A, 3; and Diamonds Q, 8, 7, 6. He could not lead a trump, of course, but of the three *bad* leads here he chose the worst, and lost the game!

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 13.

Across.—1. Dish-cover. 8. Famished. 10. Cubit. 11. Newel. 12. Sands. 14. Flagrant. 15. Optic. 16. Roars. 19. Envelope. 22. Enfilade. 23. Sewed. 24. Reign. 26. Reinsert. 29. Owned. 30. Onion. 31. Vigil. 32. Flourish. 33. Sleepless.

Down.—1. Doubloon. 2. Sling. 3. Hater. 4. Offended. 5. Vault. 6. Rissoles. 7. Shunt. 9. Discredit. 13. Apple. 14. Fireproof. 17. Ridge. 18. Slanders. 20. Nepenthe. 21. Pearlies. 25. Ingot. 26. Rouse. 27. Novel. 28. Snipe.

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON

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(See Page 556) 20/6/34.

MR. K. J. MARTIN, 148, Ardgowan Road, Catford, S.E.6, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of June 6 to be first opened on Monday morning, June 11. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to him.

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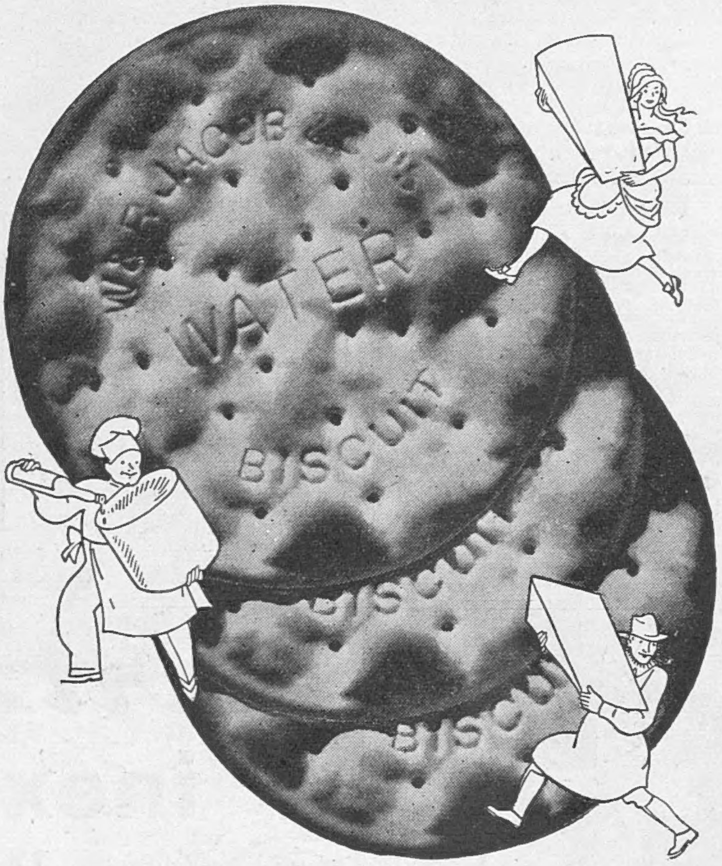

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—*(Continued from Page 556.)*

his death there—that makes one feel vaguely uncomfortable. The collaborators, on the other hand, are callous about such things, almost too callous, I think; they find nothing remarkable in a lad in his teens procuring the murder of a brother but little older than himself. Perhaps Mr. Cole does not believe in the family as a social unit. Certainly the capitalist system comes badly out of "Death in the Quarry," for, if certain greedy financiers had not been anxious to undersell and ruin Attwoods, Burdett would never have received the forged letter that took him to the quarry, and McIver, victim of cruel tongues, would not have hanged himself. However, it is a good story, one of the authors' best.

"Under Proof." I admire the work of Miss Joanna Cannan: "North Wall" was an excellent story. "Under Proof," too, is full of good things; but, taken as a whole, it is a less successful book. Possibly one may be getting tired of novels that point the contrast between the Victorians and ourselves. Those three generations—how well we have come to know them! Miss Cannan's period is the 'eighties to the present day; her world, the world of country houses and county families. Contrary to expectation, she does not impoverish them all; Uncle Charles lives on at Longmore, in comfort and even in affluence, and is able to exhibit to his nephew and to Diana the old order lasting on into the new. Diana responded to its charm; Michael, to whom the country had little interest except in so far as it gave scope for fast driving, did not.

Miss Cannan is over-anxious, I think, to prove that the older generation, the old way of life, is superior to the new. Her Bright Young People are too raw, callous, and "slangy." And she lets her prejudices run away with her. She almost seems to believe that, because Ducane was a "dago," therefore he must be a "bad hat." The scene in which Charles rescues Diana from his clutches is conceived in the spirit of melodrama. Still, Miss Cannan cannot write a page that does not show skill and intelligence. And how cleverly she brings to light "the yellow streak" in solid, conventional, sound-seeming Bruce Abinger! At any rate, she admits that others, besides the present generation, have been "under-proof."

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Postman Always Rings Twice. By James M. Cain. *(Cape; 5s.)*
Death in the Quarry. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. *(Collins; 7s. 6d.)*
Under Proof. By Joanna Cannan. *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)*

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"**THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD**" **(Tivoli).**—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.
"**MAN OF ARAN**" **(Marble Arch Pavilion).**—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.
"**SPITFIRE**" **(Plaza).**—Faith and superstition in the Kentucky mountains, starring Katharine Hepburn.
"**EVERGREEN**" **(New Gallery).**—Jessie Matthews as a *divette* of two generations.
"**MURDER AT THE VANITIES**" **(Carlton).**—Clever combination of murder-mystery and stage-show.
"**WINGS OVER EVEREST**" **(Curzon).**—Chronicle of the Houston Mount Everest Flight.
"**LIEBES KOMMANDO**" **(Academy).**—A merry military comedy.
"**BLACK MAGIC**" **(Polytechnic).**—On the enchanting Isle of Bali.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**ROMAN SCANDALS**" **(Leicester Square Theatre).**—Eddie Cantor makes whoopee in Ancient Rome.
"**WONDER BAR**" **(Rialto).**—Al Jolson makes a welcome come-back.
"**THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN**" **(Empire).**—Lionel Barrymore in a slice of American family life.
"**LAZY RIVER**" **(Empire).**—Crooks amongst the Cajuns.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"**TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME**" **(Curzon).**—Carl Brisson and Frances Day searching for a waltz.
"**WHEN NEW YORK SLEEPS**" **(Capitol).**—Strong portrayal of a gambler by Spencer Tracy.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"**TOUCH WOOD**" **(Haymarket). 8.15.**—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.
"**THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN**" **(St. James's). 8.30.**—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.
"**THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME**" **(Queen's). 8.40.**—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.
"**ESCAPE ME NEVER**" **(Apollo). 8.30.**—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.
"**REUNION IN VIENNA**" **(Lyric). 8.30.**—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
"**CONVERSATION PIECE**" **(His Majesty's). 8.30.**—Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.
THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.
"**QUEEN OF SCOTS**" **(New).**—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**SIXTEEN**" **(Criterion).**—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.
"**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**" **(Piccadilly).** 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.
"**LIVING DANGEROUSLY**" **(Strand).**—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.
"**HAPPY WEEK-END**" **(Duke of York's). 8.15.**—Lively musical play. Steve Geray and Magda Kun specially excellent.
"**VINTAGE WINE**" **(Daly's). 8.30.**—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.
"**WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?**" **(Palace).** 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys. Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.
"**LABURNUM GROVE**" **(Duchess). 8.30.**—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.
"**MR. WHITTINGTON**" **(Hippodrome).** 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*
"**THE COUNTRY WIFE**" **(Ambassadors).** 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Athene Seyler.
"**SPORTING LOVE**" **(Gaiety). 8.30.**—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.
"**THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS**" **(Vaudeville). 8.30.**—American comedy of 150 years ago. Amusing, delightful, unusual.

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